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HELENA:

OR, THE

VICISSITUDES

OF A

MILITARY LIFE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER,

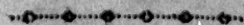
VOL. I.



CORK:

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M.DCC.XC.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady Eliz. Irving.

Madam,

IMPRESSED with the liveliest sense of gratitude, the author of the following sheets, presumes to offer them as a sincere, yet humble proof of the unfeigned respect she entertains for your Ladyship. Though conscious of my inability in an address of this nature, to express the warm sensations of an heart penetrated with many, very many obligations, I cannot but esteem myself happy in the only opportunity of evincing thus publickly, how much I am

Your Ladyship's

most obedient,

most humble servant,

H. SCOTT.

My dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. in relation to the proposed purchase of the land for the purpose of erecting a new building for the use of the Court. I am very much obliged to you for the information you have given me, and I am sure that the Court will be very much interested in the result of your inquiries. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
H. Scott.

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HELENA.



LETTER I.

MISS HELENA COURTNEY TO MISS
LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

Reading.

TO relieve the anxious solicitude of my dearest Lucinda, I take the earliest opportunity of assuring her of the safety of her Helena and family, after a journey the most perilous and fatiguing.

Hurried from Philadelphia, (on the near approach of general Howe,) by the order of congress, time was scarce allowed

lowed us to bid you adieu.—What agony rent the heart of my dearest mother; she embraced me, and her little Charles alternately, and as she held us to her bosom, invoked the protection of the Almighty.

I endeavoured to say something to console her; but my tears flowed so fast, they denied me utterance.

Captain C—— and his charming wife; lieutenant H—— and the surgeon of their regiment, were in the waggon with us; several other officers rode and walked by turns; you know how difficult it was to procure even this conveyance, every one flying with their families from Philadelphia.—Oh! Lucinda how shocking are the effects of war, and what distress, is this unhappy country involved in! once so flourishing, now how striking the contrast,



traft;—the calamities I daily hear and fee, infpire me with compaffion for the unfortunate sufferers, and ardent wifhes for the termination of this unnatural conteft between the fifters countries, however unavailing; but to proceed with my melancholy narrative:

You are acquainted with Mrs C—; ſhe is indeed a moſt agreeable woman, lively to exceſs;—we could not avoid being diverted with her droll obſervations on our guards, and accomodations during the journey, the former civil enough, but the latter wretched indeed. Figure to yourſelf, a miſerable hut, compoſed of logs, thrown acroſs each other, not ſufficiently cloſe to keep out the inclemency of the weather; ſuppoſe us huddled together (guards and all) in this diſmal habitation, ſeated on the ground, the gentlemen furniſhing us with their

great coats, eating our supper, a repast not unentertaining, from the uncommon novelty, of the situation.

Mrs. C—— repeatedly declaring it was a delightful journey, and would afford us a world of amusement hereafter.

Her vivacity did not forsake her to the last,—happy woman; but she has the presence of the tenderest the most attentive of husbands.

My dear mother's eyes filled with tears on witnessing captain C——'s behaviour so similar to my father's, and her uncertainty respecting the fate of that affectionate parent added to her distress.

We were five days on our journey, though we might have performed it
in

in two, had we taken the direct road; our provisions were exhausted the third day, and what we could procure were so bad, nothing but absolute necessity could induce us to eat of them.

Our arrival caused no little commotion in Reading,—the inhabitants all crowding to view the English prisoners; we were conducted to an inn, (as they called it); some time since I should have thought it a very indifferent looking place;—but now it appeared a palace in our eyes.—Here we were furnished with beds, a luxury we had not experienced for so many nights.

The next day we walked about the town,—the people behaved in the most friendly manner, inviting us into their houses, and rendering us every little civility in their power.

I must hasten to a conclusion,—part of our escort is just setting off on their return to Philadelphia;—the man I intrust with this letter promises to deliver it safe. If you have not left that city, I need not charge you to write as soon as possible. Full well I know the tender sympathizing disposition of my Lucinda, and her sincere affection for her poor Helena:—God knows if it will ever be permitted me to see you again—what trouble does this thought occasion me; but I must endeavour to submit to the dispensations of providence, however hard the task, or I should have little profited by the instructions of my excellent mother; she alas! has more than tasted of the bitter cup of affliction; my spirits are low,—how indeed, can they be otherwise;—so abruptly parted from my dearest friend, is cause sufficient was there nothing else to disturb me.

Farewell

Farewell my amiable Lucinda, all
here request to be remembered to
your worthy family.

Believe me,
Your ever affectionate

HELENA COURTENAY.



L E T T E R I I.

MISS LUCINDA FRANKLIN TO MISS
HELENA COURTENAY.

Philadelphia.

MY sweet friend's letter has just
saluted my hands,—what tears, has the
perusal cost me ;—indeed I have done
nothing but weep since your departure;
you would scarce recognize your once
lively Lucinda,—cheer up your spirits
my dearest Helena, you are going to
be restored to me,—though alas, for a
short

short time:—I will try to proceed with some method.

First, then I must inform you, general Howe, after advancing within a few miles of Philadelphia, has suddenly (as the military term is) *faced about*, and is now beyond Princetown, on his return to New-York. I cannot describe the terror that pervaded all ranks of people, as the British army were approaching, sending their wives and children with what effects they could procure conveyances to carry into the woods; we were also, preparing for a journey of near an hundred miles, our plate, cloaths, &c. actually gone before, when the welcome intelligence reached us:—we can now once more sleep in peace, at least for the present.

This morning my Father came in from attending the congress.

Lucinda,

Lucinda, said he, I have good news for you,—you will soon see, Mrs. Courtenay and her fair daughter ;—dear sir (with transport) how you rejoice me ; but when,—how soon—tell me I beseech you ?

Why, there is an order issued from congress for the British prisoners to be brought back, and exchanged.

My countenance instantly fell ! dear father how can you call this good news, when I must again be parted from my Helena.

True, Lucinda ; but you will have her company some time, as the cartel is not yet settled.

Oh ! that it may be far distant, I cannot help being so selfish to wish, though I know Mrs. Courtenay's impatience

patience to be in New-York. This letter goes by the express that carries the order for your return ;—I tremble for the effect all this fatigue may have on your health ; but this journey will be much more agreeable than the last : my father will take me half-way to meet you. Oh! my Helena, how I anticipate the joyful moment when I shall once more fold you in my arms ; but then the thought of the next separation, (and that perhaps for ever,) will imbitter all these delightful hours I promise myself in your dear society.

I admire your resignation to providence ; but fear I cannot imitate you in it :—though your superior in age, I am far, far behind you in every excellent attainment. What shall I do, when deprived of your amiable example ;—you, that could restrain, my almost
ungo-

ungovernable vivacity by your gentle reproof.

Mrs. C—— is indeed a delightful woman,—happy couple ; their behaviour to each other is enough to make one in love with matrimony ; it is well my good mamma does not see this, she would be preaching up her favourite Byron : in vain I say, this is not a time to think of marriage—the man will persevere in teasing me, let me treat him ever so capriciously.

But the express waits, I have only time to conclude myself with a thousand good wishes to all your friends,

Your ever sincere

LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R III.

MISS HELENA COURTENAY TO MISS
LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

Reading.

I WRITE a few lines my Lucinda, by the return of the express, to thank you for your dear letter ; it is impossible my sweet friend to describe the sense I have of your kindness,—Oh ! that it indeed were allowed me to prove to you with what sincerity I love you :—I am poor in every thing but will.

We are preparing for our return ; Mrs. C—— laughs by the hour, ever since she heard it.

Well Helena, said she, did I not prophesy right, when I told you this journey would furnish us entertain-
ment

ment; so we are to march back to our former quarters: I think we had best send them word we chuse to remain where we are,—what say you Helena, have you any objection? I repeated, I would not stay here for the world.

For the world child,—take care Helena,—I suspect there is something more than your friendship for Lucinda Franklin, at the bottom of all this.

Indeed you are mistaken; but is not that sufficient to make me desirous of returning?

But you spoke with such a pretty earnestness, I cannot for my life but imagine there is some favoured mortal: (smiling archly,) come dear girl, be ingenuous—confess.

What should I confess?

D

Capt.

Capt. C—— entering, she refered the matter to him.

He laughing, called her a madcap.

However she is rejoiced to leave this dreary place; all the officers are in high spirits on the occasion, particularly lieut. H——; the fair widow, of Trent-town, is, I fancy, too charming for his peace; he is a good creature,—indeed, they are all infinitely agreeable and obliging.

My mother is tolerably easy,—as easy, as she can be in a state of suspense; —Charles is as sweet a little fellow as usual,—the officers dote on him, and struggle who shall caress him most.

We can never sufficiently acknowledge your father's goodness, coming so far to meet us; but I shall say no
more

more 'till I see you,---that will, I hope, be in three days from this.

Adieu, dearest Lucinda, it is unnecessary to declare, how much

I am, your's,

HELENA COURTENAY.



L E T T E R IV.

MISS HELENA COURTENAY, TO MISS
LUCINDA FRANKLIN,

New-York.

THE time so much dreaded, my dearest Lucinda, is at length arrived;—we are separated. I fear for ever, and shall not be allowed even the consolation, of corresponding; but I must write, though unable to divine, how I shall convey my letters.

D 2

My

My boasted resignation forsook me, when I received your last embrace ;—methinks I still feel my Lucinda's tears on my cheek—still hear your voice, faltering out repeated farewells, and a thousand wishes for the happiness of your Helena :—dear girl, how invaluable to me is the recollection of the affection you honoured me with :—ever will I cherish it.

When my eyes ceased to view an object so dear to them, what were my emotions ; I cannot describe what I felt that moment ; had not a violent burst of tears come to my relief, I know not what might have been the consequence.

We had scarce alighted at Trent-town, when we received a message from a col. Webster, and some more American

American officers, entreating permission to sup with us.

Captain C—— said, we could not refuse this visit; an answer was returned,—we should be glad of their company.

I was struck with the colonel's figure on his entering the room,—a majestic deportment,—a commanding eye,—spoke the soldier and the gentleman.

His behaviour confirmed the opinion, I conceived from his looks.

He enquired particularly the treatment we had experienced during the time we had been prisoners ;—the gentlemen mentioned it as it deserved.

D 3 I am

I am happy to hear said he, that gentlemen made prisoners through the fate of war, and as such defenceless, have nothing to complain of from us.

We fight for our liberties, we war not with these, who, in the prosecution of their duty, become subject to our power; these, continued he smiling, are my real sentiments, and I hope of most of my country-men.

The gentlemen passed a very agreeable evening, for we retired soon after supper.

We pursued our journey early the next morning; but Oh! my dearest Lucinda, wherever we turned our eyes, what desolation appeared:—the country was one universal common,—all the inclosures torn down, not the least vestige of cultivation to be seen, the miserable inhabitants fled from their
hither-

hitherto peaceful dwellings, abandoning them and their little properties, for a place of safety.

When we got to Prince-Town, what a horrid sight there presented itself:—my blood curdles at the recollection. Oh ! Lucinda, the limbs of these unfortunate victims, that fell in the late battle here, remained many of them above ground:—here indeed there was no distinction in the grave, all indiscriminately mingled together, affording the most shocking scene human nature could behold.

We breakfasted with a Mrs. S—; her husband was in the army and sold out at the termination of the late war, chusing to settle in America; they have a sweet place here, surrounded with a charming family, not less than seven children, and possessing every blessing

bleſſing of life, when theſe troubles commenced. His ſituation ſoon was very diſagreeable, continually ſolicited by the Americans to join them in the defence of a country, naturalized to him from his long reſidence in it, and yet, how could he raiſe his arm againſt his majeſty, whoſe commiſſion he had borne ſo many years:—it was not to be thought of;—he wiſhed, to remain neuter. About this time general Howe, began his march towards Philadelphia; captain S—— received and entertained the britiſh army, on their paſſing through Prince-Town; this on their return to New-York, made the Americans irreconcilably his enemies. They found various ways of diſtreſſing him;—ſeized his cattle, pulled down his incloſures, and at length determined to ſeize his perſon; receiving an intimation of this, he contrived to eſcape to New-York:

guiltleſs

on

on searching for him, they did not attempt to treat Mrs. S—— with the least indignity; but left her in free possession of her house; they even restored her some of her cattle, pitying her situation, with so large a family. Mrs. S—— related these particulars as we were at breakfast, adding, she had heard once from cap. S——: he entreated her to abandon every thing and come to him immediately.

This she said, she must soon do, for she lived in continual terror, and yet, to leave her property, which the Americans would certainly possess themselves of, how could she think of that for her childrens sake.

Dreadful! indeed, is her present case;—poor Mrs. S——: her melancholy tale cost me many tears.

We

We parted this amiable woman with regret, and continued our journey to Brunswick, where we slept. The next day was exceedingly wet; but we were obliged to proceed to Perth-Amboy.

Here we hoisted a flag for the English army, across the river, on Slater's Island, to send boats for us;—they did in the course of half an hour: in the interim, wet as it was, we rambled about the town; would you believe it, my Lucinda, the houses were entirely deserted,—not a human being to be seen,—most of the doors torn down;—in short, nothing but ruins to be perceived.

The boats arriving, after a mutual exchange of prisoners, we entered them.

It

It rained prodigiously, and blew quite a storm; figure to yourself our situation, in a small boat, half full of water, every moment expecting to be overfet: contrary to our expectations, we were safely landed, on the other side; but in so deplorable a condition, drenched to the skin.

The *Queen's Rangers*, an American raised regiment, was stationed here, commanded, by colonel Allen;—he received us with the utmost politeness, and congratulated us on our safety; we dried ourselves in the best manner we could, and sat down to dinner; our whole fare consisted, of a piece of salt pork, and potatoes; colonel Allen apologised for the homeliness of our entertainment, which he said, was the best their quarters could furnish at present; and was indeed, almost their constant diet.

But

But we shall have some hot cakes ladies, continued he, for tea ; you must excuse our equipage,—not a cup or saucer is there in our possession ; we had some indeed when we came here, but they are all demolished.

Oh! said Mrs. C—— we shall be rejoiced to have it in any manner.

So, my dear, we took our tea in tin pints,—in tin pints, Helena.

Yes, Lucinda, and glad to have it even so.

Colonel Allen gave us up his bed, the only one there was ; he seldom makes use of it, but sleeps, like the rest of the officers, on the ground, wrapped up in their blankets.

And

And yet, in defiance of all these hardships, they had amazing spirits,—nick-naming each other and contriving a hundred ways to amuse themselves. Finer men I never beheld,—tall and elegantly proportioned, most of them all possessed of properties in America; but chusing to embrace our side, lost it.

We could hear them in the night, coming in and throwing themselves down to rest,—cold and wet, no doubt:—no one, (my amiable friend,) can tell but those that have experienced it, the distresses of a military life.

We left those worthy gentlemen the next morning, and proceeded in an open waggon, to the other end of Staten-Island, where we entered, a sort of ferry, and arrived at New-York, in the evening. The quay was crowded with people on our landing, asking a
E thousand

thousand questions, that we were too much fatigued to answer,—and glad indeed, to be so happily at the end of our journey.

We have been so lucky, to meet with an old acquaintance of my father's, a major B——; his lady, (a pleasing woman) waited on us, and they insisted on our remaining with them 'till we embark for England; they have a very pretty house, seven miles from New-York, between that and King's-bridge, on the banks of the river. We have made all possible enquiries, respecting my father, the regiment is still in the West-Indies, and if he lives, (oh! Lucinda, that there should be a doubt) he is with it.

[*In Continuation.*]

Major B—— has just informed me, Mr. F—— is setting off for Philadelphia,

Philadelphia, to transact some business, relative to the provision allowed for prisoners; I joyfully embrace the opportunity to send this packet; it must be left unsealed;—with all my heart,—I care not, who sees what I write to my Lucinda.

Mr. F—— returns as quick as possible; I soon shall have the inexpressible happiness of hearing from my sweet friend.

With love and compliments to your worthy family, I remain my dear Lucinda's

ever affectionate

HELENA COURTENAY.

L E T T E R V.

MISS LUCINDA FRANKLIN TO MISS
HELENA COURTENAY.

Philadelphia.

IT is impossible to describe to my Helena, with what rapture I received her dear letter; the reading of which was frequently interrupted with my exclamations.

I was present with you in imagination,—now at Mrs. S——'s,—my heart bled for her,—now at the deserted village, and now in your peril, crossing the water. Oh! my sweet girl, that you, at your tender age, should experience such scenes!—Oh! that this war, this destructive war, were concluded.

You have heard no doubt, that general Howe, is in the river, coming up
to

to Philadelphia; we are preparing to leave it; the commission my father bears in the American army, prohibits him from accompanying us.

You are acquainted Helena, with the repugnance my father discovered to take up arms;—far advanced in life, he did not wish to engage in the war;—it was not permitted him, to remain neuter. You have heard him declare his sentiments,—they are in favor of the side he has taken;—no bitterness mingles with his discourse,—his house, ever open for the entertainment, of English prisoners, whom he receives with the humanity of a man, unaffectedly concerned for those troubles.

You will excuse me this praise of my father; you love him, my Helena, next your own;—an affection that is returned with a warmth, truly paternal.

Oh! my dear friend, my spirits are quite sunk; I am unequal to the task of supporting the affliction that is pouring in on me from every side:—you snatched from me,—forced to part from my dearest Father, whom I may, perhaps, never again behold,—flying with my mother, and six children, to a barren place, where we shall not, in all likelihood, obtain common necessaries:—is not all this, my Helena, a dreadful trial, for the heart of your poor Lucinda?—still nearer, and nearer does the British Army approach.

This moment, I am told, they are landed; Philadelphia, is a scene, of distress and confusion! all endeavouring to secure their properties, from the approaching foe.—To-morrow we set off; when, oh! when shall I again hear from you;—never perhaps:—distracting thought. Mr. F——
sends

sends me word, he is obliged to quit Philadelphia immediately ; I must then conclude. My Helena, my companion, my friend, words cannot express the tortures that wring the heart of
your miserable,

LUCINDA FRANKLIN.



L E T T E R VI.

MISS HELENA COURTENEY TO MISS
LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

New-York.

I MUST write on, my dear Lucinda,—it is some consolation to me to be so employed if you never receive my letters.

Perhaps

Perhaps you have left Philadelphia,—if so, I may indeed, bid adieu to all correspondence with you,—if you have not you soon will; now it is known, whither the British army bend their course. Oh! my Lucinda, what a fatality, attends our friendship,—why did we ever know each other, why so susceptible,—so soon to experience so cruel a reverse of fortune;—each day, far from abating, adds to my regret:—where shall I find such a companion as my Lucinda,—sweet and ever amiable girl! do not forget your Helena, who, (let her situation be what it may) will always love you with an unalterable affection:—I must tear myself from a subject I could expatiate on for hours.

The army here pass their time very pleasantly. Sir H. Clinton commands
in

in the absence of Sir William Howe
—I am interrupted.

[*In Continuation.*]

Oh! Lucinda, I have been dreadfully shocked; lieutenant H—— that worthy young officer, was sent on a foraging party, meeting with some of the Americans, they had a skirmish, in which he had his leg shot off! poor young man, in the bloom of youth, to be cut off from all hopes of preferment. Oh! that I were removed from witnessing such distressing scenes.

We were greatly alarmed last night major B—— was certain some persons, were about the house;—he supposed it to be the Americans that had crossed the river, and expected every moment, to be surprised by them; fortunately he was mistaken; the next morning

morning discovered the mystery ;—the garden had been robbed of almost every thing it contained. The major's suspicions fell on the Hessian soldiers, who have a camp not far from this ; they are great pilferers, and often make free with our cows, sending them home after they have milked them.

I have just heard a piece of news, that surprises me: lieutenant H—— is married to the fair widow, though they were united with the greatest secrecy, it was soon whispered abroad; her relations highly incensed at it, came and surrounded her house at night, intending to convey her to some place of confinement; she was apprised of their design, and escaped through a back door, with a black woman servant, into the woods, the moon shone very bright and happily ; she was acquainted with the way that led to a friend's house,

house, about six miles, from her own, which she fortunately reached.—It was impossible, she could be long concealed there; on their furnishing her with horses, she boldly ventured to travel to New-York,—what an undertaking for two women alone, unprotected! they arrived however, at Perth-Amboy that evening, and tying a white handkerchief to a whip, held it up as a signal for the boat; they waited a length of time with impatience;—at last the welcome sight of the boat putting off, raised their dejected spirits.

Colonel Allen received them with his wonted humanity, and the next morning they pursued their journey; but what a scene awaited her on her arrival at New-York,—her husband, the man on whom she doted, in so melancholy a situation. Mrs. C—— who was present, declared, she never
was

was witness to so affecting a scene as their meeting; Mrs. H----- after the first shock, assumed an amazing composure,---insisted upon being herself his nurse, and will not leave him ten minutes together.

[*In Continuation.*]

I WENT to pay my respects to her this morning,---tears started into her fine eyes, when she saw me.

Oh! Miss Courtenay, how many affecting incidents have happened, since last I -----; but, wiping her eyes, perhaps, it is all for the best,--- Could I but persuade my dear H-----, to submit, with resignation to his loss, I should be easy; but you must see him.

I followed her into his room,--- he was supported with pillows in his bed,

bed,—pale!—emaciated! How my heart ached, to behold the striking alteration a few days had occasioned in his agreeable countenance.

He held out his hand to me.

You see, you see, my amiable Miss Courtenay, said he, to what I am reduced.

I do indeed, and sorry I am, most sincerely sorry, to see it; but let me entreat you Mr. H----- to endeavour to bear your misfortune with fortitude, for the sake of your charming lady,—let me beseech you do.

Oh! Miss Courtenay, there—there, is the torture;—to have involved such a woman in so much distress, almost drives me to distraction.

My dear H—— for heaven's sake,
said his weeping wife, —————

For me, continued he, she has given up every thing, and I oh! God, am rendered incapable of supporting her in the manner to which she has always been accustomed; cut off from all hope of preferment for ever:—he could not proceed,—the struggling tears, in spite of his efforts to hinder them, forced the way, and coursed down his pallid cheek.

Oh! my Lucinda, how I was affected,

I prolonged my visit to near two hours, and at my departure, he seemed more composed.

My mother wept over the recital.

Poor

Poor man, said she, how much is he and Mrs. H—— to be pitied!

My mother is impatient to be in England; she cannot conceal her uneasiness, though our good friends are kindly solicitous to divert us.

Mr. F—— has just delivered me your welcome letter.—My Lucinda, how you afflict me with your tender complaints:—I sincerely participate in your distresses.

You are by this time, at ——; will it ever be permitted me to see you again;—I fear not,—my heart is heavy. Shortly, my amiable friend, the ocean will divide us,—an opportunity of a convoy offering, we are to embark for England, in a few days I am full of apprehension at the thoughts of the voyage, and want

F 2 fortitude,

fortitude, when I reflect, I so soon shall bid adieu to America,—perhaps, for ever. I must hasten from a subject that too nearly affects me.

We spent yesterday at gen. D----'s; this gentleman has a large landed property in this country, and joining the army under Sir William Howe, has been honoured with a general's commission.

He resided some time in England, and has a son in the guards.

He has three daughters, most charming women, I am told, (for I have only seen the youngest); one is married to Sir William D——.

A party of Americans surrounded his house, eight miles from New-York, the other night, intending to seize him:
fortu-

fortunately for general D——, he was in New-York; they had the cruelty to set fire to the house.; the lovely Miss D——, caught her brother's child, an infant of four years old, in her arms, and ventured to descend to her mother's apartment, who slept below; the stair-case was in a blaze! but, terrified at the sight of the American soldiers, she rushed thro' the flames, and escaped into the garden; she leaped a fence, (the child still in her arms,) and fled into the woods.

Mrs. D—— uncertain of the fate of her daughter, ran into the midst of the soldiers, calling on her in the most affecting terms:-----these barbarous wretches ridiculed her fears, and laughing told her, one of their officers had conveyed her to their boat; her agony was not to be expressed;

she raved, tore her hair, calling for vengeance on these miscreants. One of them cut her, with a bayonet, on her arm, bidding her, with an oath, go and seek her. In this dreadful situation, she ran out of the house, still calling for her child ; at last, overpowered with conflicting emotions, she sunk insensible to the earth, where she continued until she was found by a servant, that made his escape on the first alarm, to a Hessian guard, about a quarter of a mile from the house ; and, yet, though the distance was so trifling, the house was nearly consumed before they arrived. Mrs. D—— was conveyed to New-York ; the general, distracted with apprehensions for his daughter, set off in search of her ; he had some faint hopes she might have escaped to the woods, and there he accordingly found her, with no covering but an under-petticoat. Her

Her terror was so great, on leaving the house, that she ran, regardless of the way, until she got into a swamp;—unable to proceed, she was forced to sit down, trembling with affright and expecting to be pursued. When it was day, she again endeavoured to move forward; but her feet were so cut with walking without shoes, she could not put them to the ground;—she wept,—the sweet baby clung round her neck, and by his little carresses, strove to comfort her.—You may easily imagine her joy, on beholding her father; she attempted to spring towards him; he caught her in his arms, and pressed her, in a silent ecstasy, to his bosom: seeing her situation he wrapped his coat about her, and lifted her into the capriole. When they got to their house, in New-York, she was put to bed; she has caught so violent a cold, in her limbs, with remaining

remaining all night, exposed to the damp air, without cloaths, that she is obliged to wear a large bed-gown of her mother's; her limbs are so exceedingly swelled,—as for her feet, they are absolutely scarified:—she is a sweet lively girl.

I am this instant informed, the British army have made themselves masters of Philadelphia:—what the event of this transaction will be, time must discover;—God grant it may be the means of speedily terminating the war,—an occurrence that would be attended with disappointment to some, but with happiness to thousands.

General D—— has determined to send his family to England, where they are to remain 'till peace is restored to the colonies, (and if the Americans are conquerors,) for ever, I suppose

suppose, as he will then have forfeited all his possessions in this country :— however, he has a great deal of money in the funds.

They take their passage in the same vessel with us ; I am quite pleased with the prospect of Miss D——'s company ; she has done me the honour to express a great partiality for me.

What would I give for one line from you, before our departure ; but it cannot be, and I must content myself with offering up my fervent prayers for your happiness ;—if it is as I wish it, your felicity will be perfect indeed :—you will be united to the worthy man, deservedly, the choice of your parents, and your own heart. Mr. Byron is just the sort of man for a girl of your charming vivacity ;
which,

which, pardon me, my Lucinda, does not always permit you to consult time and place in your rallery ; he is acquainted with the goodness of your heart, and knows it proceeds from a playfulness of disposition, not a desire to give pain.

Miss D—— as I have observed, is a lively girl ; she has a satirical vein runs through her conversation, that amuses, though one cannot always approve of it.

[*In Continuation.*]

Oh ! my Lucinda, I am overjoyed at a piece of intelligence that has just been communicated to me :—our old acquaintance, Mrs. Taylor, has not left Philadelphia ;—I can send this packet to her, and she will find some method of conveying it to you. I

am

am certain a capt. M—— sets off with some dispatches from Sir Henry Clinton to general Howe;—to-morrow he will take charge of it.

Perhaps, through the same channel I may hear from you. You can enclose your letters to major B——; he will take care to remit them to me. We are in hourly expectation of a summons, to go on board;—the change of scene I am going to experience, has given a fluttering to my heart, that has communicated an unsteadiness to my fingers;—you will perceive the unevenness of the lines.

I am sure, you will be glad to hear lieutenant H—— is out of danger; and has, in some degree, recovered his spirits: this pleasing alteration, is owing to a promise he has received, of being promoted to the
rank

rank of captain, in the *Invalids* ; he is to go to England, for that purpose, as soon as he can bear the voyage.

But, I must conclude, however loath :—I have wrote to the last moment.—Angels protect my dearest Lucinda and her worthy friends,

is the sincere wish of her

HELENA COURTENAY.



L E T T E R VII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

HERE we are my dear Lucinda, as well as we possibly can be, after a week's dreadful sickness,—your Helena is a poor sailor.

I cannot

I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of my thoughts, when the vessel got under sail.

“Am I indeed,” I whispered to myself, so quickly moving from the country that contains my Lucinda, and in which I have experienced so much happiness,—can it be ;—but hushed be my murmuring,—my sinful repining ; is it not to meet the tenderest of fathers, who, for such a length of time, has been separated from his distressed family :---ungrateful Helena, not to be all transport.

Thus, my Lucinda, I reasoned with myself ; but still, as a much admired author observes, “in the highest enjoyments, the sighing heart reminds us of imperfection,” and adds, “it is fit it should be so.”

Miss D—— is all rapture, anticipating the pleasure she hopes to experience in London:—beautiful and accomplished, she dreams of nothing but conquest in the new world, that will so soon open to her view, and rallies me most unmercifully on the gravity with which I listen to her, expatiating on her favourite topic.

“Come now Helena,” said she, dismiss that *sang froid* from your countenance, and tell me sincerely, does not your little heart beat with transport, at the thoughts of visiting dear London:—sincerely I answer no.—We cannot account for taste.—Those tumultuous, hurrying pleasures, from which you expect so much delight, are not to mine.—I am not of so phlegmatic a disposition, but I can enjoy those diversions suited to my character and sex; neither am I so dazzled with
them,

them, that the bare idea should so much enrapture me; my fortune, and expectations are limited to the midling station of life;—nor do I wish to go beyond that medium, in which I am confident, most happiness is to be found,—a situation equally removed from the anxiety,—nay, frequently the misery attendant on the great, and on the other side, the distresses that result from circumstances too much straitened.

So those are your real sentiments:—what an insipid life have you sketched out; it has not the least attraction for me, I assure you; give me the delightful bustle of high life. As for those anxieties, and miseries you speak of, I have no notion; they are I believe my dear girl, the chimeras of your own imagination;—or, if there be
such

fuch, they are fufficiently counterbalanced, by the apendages, of rank.

I will not attempt, faid I, laughing, to argue you out of an opinion that feems fo rooted; ftill I muft beg leave to offer one obfervation in fupport of my own: all thofe ideal pleasures, fo agreeably floating in your imagination when they come to be realized, and you are accuftomed to them, will lofe their force,---they will become as indifferent as thofe you have left, that you now think nothing of.

Well may be fo;---a few months hence, I will tell you more of the matter; but fee,---here comes the dear little sentimental colonel; how can you Helena, appear fo indifferent, to his affiduities.

I fear,

I fear, I interrupt your *tete-a-tete* ladies, said the colonel advancing.

Not at all, said Miss D——; what we were talking of is of no signification;---is it Helena, looking archly.

Which do you mean, the first or the last subject.

The last, to be sure—you wont answer; well I leave you with the colonel;---perhaps, you may find his conversation more entertaining and away ran the wild girl upon deck.

The colonel would fain have detained me; but I insisted on following her.

When she saw me, she held up her hands, with affected amazement, and

emphatically shaking her head, said,
“ fy ! Helena.”

Vexed as I was, I could not help laughing ; “ what is the matter,” enquired my mother.

Miss D—— must tell you madam,
—I suppose she understands her own meaning.

“ Not always,” said Mrs. D—— ;
Charlotte is sometimes puzzled, I believe, to tell what she would be at.

“ Thank you Madam,” but, you don’t understand me Helena ;—no, not you : so young—so deceitful, oh ! for shame.

My Lucinda, will pardon me troubling her with this trifling chit-chat ; but it is minute circumstances that develop

velop the human heart, and enables us to form a judgment of the characters of individuals.

I must try to give you a description of our fellow-passengers.

The colonel then, (to give the military man the precedent,) is very low of stature—remarkably effeminate in his person—a complexion delicate to a degree:—he seems, indeed, fitter for the drawing-room than the field; and, yet, it was his own desire to enter the army. Possessed of a competent fortune, he was not necessitated to make choice of any profession; when the war broke out with the colonies, he longed, ardently longed to signalize himself. He purchased a commission, in a regiment stationed in Boston, for which place he immediately embarked. He soon had an opportunity

portunity of evincing his valor:—in the battle of Bunker's-hill, he acquired immortal honour. He rose rapidly to the rank he now holds, and, is at the age of thirty, a lieutenant-colonel.

I had most of those particulars from major B——, who was intimately acquainted with him.

The colonel is possessed of a good understanding, improved by an excellent education; has seen the best company, and, yet, he has a bashfulness—a timidity in his manners, that precludes him from making that distinguished figure in conversation, to which he is justly entitled; this is a continual subject for raillery, with Miss D——, and affords her a fund of amusement, by contriving to throw him into ridiculous situations, from which he knows not how to extricate himself. This,

This, I tell her, is a cruelty she ought not to allow herself, as the colonel is defenceless to her attacks, from a modesty that will not permit him to retort.

He is in indifferent health, and has leave of absence for six months, to try the efficacy of his native air.

The other passengers, are, a Mr. Malone, an Irish gentleman; he has all that frankness, that I have heard is the peculiar characteristic of his nation, and a goodness of heart that is discernable through his whole deportment; he is a middle aged man, has an acute penetration, and a disposition to extract mirth from every incident that occurs;—two West-India gentlemen, sensible and agreeable, complete our party.

We

We meet in the cabbın every evening to tea, and amuse ourselves with cards or conversation, as it is most agreeable;—sometimes we form a little concert,—the colonel plays the violin,—one of our West-Indians, the German flute,—your Helena her guitar; these, with the addition of Miss D——’s voice, compleat a harmony, not to be despised I assure you.

[*In Continuation.*]

We are becalmed since yesterday; I have been on deck observing the beautiful effect the moon has on the water; the surface is as smooth as glass, on which the beams of that gentle planet play, with a softness, to me more pleasing than the dazzling glare of the sun.

I left this charming scene with reluctance, at the repeated calls of Miss D——.

“ Lord,

"Lord child," said she, on my entering the cabin, how can you stay poking on deck so long,—I should suppose by this time, you have had a sufficient dose of solitude,—you know we cannot make up a party without you.

I ask pardon; but I was so engaged with the agreeable employment I have left, that I quite forgot it.

"Yes my dear," so it seems;—you are such an admirer of the beauties of nature, you cannot relish those of art, and would prefer, I suppose, the pale twinkling of the moon, to those candles before us;—suppose we put them out to admit your favourite rays.

"Oh! no," laughing, that would be too great a tax on your politeness.

"I think,"

“I think,” said the colonel, a little concert on deck, some of those nights, would be delightful; the silver softness of the flute, aided with Miss D——’s voice, would derive additional charms from the effect they would have on the water.

“And, why not Helena’s guittar,” ---colonel could you not find room to squeeze that into your panegyric: oh! man, by nature false,---how often have I heard you declare, while her slender fingers wandered o’er the strings, nothing could exceed the harmony she drew from thence.

The sound of the flute from the deck interrupted her rallery,—the youngest Mr. Jones, had slipped up unnoticed and began playing the favourite air, water parted from the sea.

Down

Down went the cards;—we all flew on deck, and Miss D—— at our entreaties joining her voice, we were delightfully entertained, 'till we received a summons to supper.—My mother fearful of my injuring my health, entreats me to go to rest;—I obey, dearest madam: angels guard my Lucinda.

[*In Continuation.*]

The wind is very high this morning, as if to make up for its former calmness; my mother says it is nothing, so I endeavour not to be alarmed.

I have been on deck;—the sea, my dear Lucinda looks terrible!—the billows foaming and dashing over each other with the utmost impetuosity:—one minute raising the vessel

H

to

to the greatest height,—the next precipitating us into an abyfs, that every instant threatened to overwhelm us.

“A fine fair wind Miss,” said the captain;—we shall soon see old England.

The prospect on deck was too shocking for me,—so I hastened down.

Miss D—— ridiculed my apprehensions ;—the colonel as he sat next me, called her “unfeeling girl,” in a low voice.

“Upon my word Miss D—— said Mr. Malone, it is well for you, you are possessed of such charming steadiness of soul ; you would scorn to be moved at so trifling an incident as a storm,—and a dreadful storm it is

is, indeed my Lucinda;—I can neither sit or stand, so I must go to bed;—Heaven preserve us. Adieu my dearest girl.

[*In Continuation.*]

I did not think it would ever have been allowed me to write to my Lucinda again; the storm has abated,—your Helena is safe reserved: Oh! Lucinda, who can tell to what reserved.

After receiving my dear mother's blessing and kissing little Charles, I went to bed; the whistleing of the winds,—the captain calling to his men,—his voice rendered hoarse, with his efforts to make himself heard,—the noise occasioned, by their running to and fro, on deck,—strangely affected me that had never experienced a scene

of this kind you must suppose,—I cannot describe my feelings:—I looked up to the supreme creator,—he who bids the waves be still, the winds cease; and having fervently implored his aid, found myself much easier. I was roused from my contemplations, by the bursting open of a port hole in my room, and the partition that divides my apartment giving way,—down it came bed and all, and your poor Helena was immersed in water.

My mother screamed, and my cabin was instantly filled with people; the colonel wrapped a quilt about me, and seated me on my mothers bed; it all happened with such rapidity, that I was perfectly stupid from surprise.

My mother greatly alarmed, spoke to me several times without effect;—
at

at last I heard her say,—“ Oh! my God, I fear she has lost her reason.”

This made me recollect myself, and a copious shower of tears coming to my relief, restored me to the free use of my faculties.

She clasped me in her arms, returning thanks to Heaven.

I cast my eyes on the colonel;—his face still bore testimony to his emotions,

I held out my hand, (how troublesome have I been to you sir.)

Name it not dearest Miss Courtenay;—to see you recovered, sufficiently repays me:—he sighed and pressed my hand.

What pain my Lucinda, does the evident partiality of this worthy man occasion me,

The storm happily subsiding, the captain entered, followed by the carpenter, and soon set my apartment torights, and being furnished with dry bed-cloaths, I returned to bed, and thus my dear Lucinda ended this terrible adventure.

Miss D—— for all her bravery was much frightened, and Mrs. D—— declared, “was she safe on shore again,” nothing should tempt her to go to sea”:—they tear me from my pen.

When I arose this morning, the colonel requested I would go on deck; on ascending I was agreeably surprised, —the chalky cliffs, so beautifully described

scribed in Shakspear's *King Lear*, rose majestic to the view, I could not help repeating those lines, which we have so often read together, in our favorite Rowe.

Whatever grace or harmony's expressed,
Or all thy works, the God is there confessed;
But Oh! from all thy works, how small a part,
To human minds is known of what thou art.

The captain is waiting for a pilot from Dover; the gentlemen are endeavouring to persuade the ladies to go on shore, and proceed to London by land;—Miss D—— is in raptures with the scheme:—she calls to tell me they have prevailed.

Adieu my dear girl.

[*In Continuation.*]

Well my Lucinda here we are, at the famous city of Canterbury,—you have heard, though in America, of
Can-

Canterbury tales, though you little thought, your Helena would ever write you one from thence; but as we arrived early and intend staying here this night, I shall have time for a few particulars before I go to bed.

You would have imagined we were of a different species, or had something very uncommon in our appearance, from the quantity of people that crowded to the quay, to see us land: we had scarce done so, when I believe a dozen porters seized on our little baggage, and without ceremony hurried away with it to the custom-house. I was highly diverted, to observe two huge men, carrying between them a small portmanteau of the colonel's, as if it had been of the greatest weight;—I am convinced I could have lifted it with one hand

hand;—but they were all determined to be employed

We walked to the *King's-Head* inn, and the gentlemen ordered tea and coffee; while it was preparing, Miss D—— and I amused ourselves in looking through the window, when a voice that we soon distinguished to be the colonel's thundered out.

“Rascals begone,” not a farthing will I give you; begone I say, and I will remain in Dover, 'till I have made an example of the custom-house officers that have presumed to treat me with such disrespect,

“What can be the matter,” said Miss D—— the little colonel seems to be in a charming passion.

Just

Just then the door opened, and he made his appearance,—a half smile overspreading his countenance, as he advanced.

“Bless me colonel what ails you,” said Miss D——; you have frightened Helena here almost into fits.

He looked at me.

You are acquainted with Miss D——s, manner of expressing herself colonel.

Well, but colonel, prithee satisfy our curiosity,—tell us the occasion of this mighty bustle.

Why these impertinent fellows, at the Custom-house, not chusing to wait for the keys, broke open my portmanteau,—neither myself or servant,

are acquainted with the contents;—
the porters may have robbed me, for
aught I know.

She held up her hand, “ the moun-
tain and the mouse ” said she.

The colonel coloured.

“ Mad girl,” her mother called her.

As we were at tea, Miss D——
asked him in a grave manner, if he
persisted in his resolution, of remain-
ing at Dover, until he revenged him-
self of the officers.

He laughed, “ no my dear Miss
D—— ” that would be punishing
myself, by depriving me of the plea-
sure of your, and, bowing, the rest of
the ladies company to London.

Well

Well colonel, I did not think you was so passionate,—no trusting to appearances;---the wise ones say, “I supposed, you were mild as the summer’s breeze.

I acknowledge my fault,---I plead guilty to the indictment;---but, bending his knee, “will you not graciously condescend to hold out your sceptre to your humble suppliant.”

Upon my word colonel, you are much improved within this month;---don’t you think so Helena; nothing like a certain passion for polishing the manners;---looking archly.

A deep crimson overspread his face.

Well, well, never mind me Helena and you have such a nack of
blush-

blushing, there is no speaking a word to you.

The carriages being announced, we sat off for Canterbury, and got there by nine; a servant had been dispatched before, so that supper was prepared.

You cannot imagine my Lucinda, the superb appearance of the inns here, and the order, and regularity the guests are served with; if you have but money, your commands are executed almost instantaneously,—without that necessary article, you may as well be in the deserts of Arabia.

When we desired to retire, the lady of the house, attended us herself to our apartments; she is a handsome woman, and so elegantly dressed, I was quite astonished at the difference, so observable from people in the same
I line

line in America; my mother smiled at my surprise,—it was nothing new to her, as she had often traveled through England.—I find myself quite sleepy,—good night to my dearest Lucinda.

London.

Well, my amiable friend, here we are, at this great metropolis,—this grand residence of his *Britanick Majesty*.

But, I must proceed regularly, if I can, for my little brain is so confused with the multiplicity of objects, that present themselves, that I can scarce reduce my ideas to any order, so as to render myself intelligible to you.

We left Canterbury early in the morning, and proceeded to Rochester: here we dined, and reached Dartford about six in the evening;—we staid
tea,—

tea,—mean time walked out to see the place. Kent is a delightful county, highly cultivated, and abounds in vast quantities of fruit, grapes in particular, of which you know I am remarkably fond.

The most magnificent edifices, continually present themselves to the view, alternately varied with the neat cottage, before the door of which, on massy seats, the industrious inhabitants are resting themselves, after a day spent in the most laborious employments.

Their children hanging round their knees, or frisking on the green before them.

The parent beholding them with delight, and retiring to rest on their

humble couch,—a rest often denied to the great though on a downy pillow.

Happy state of rural simplicity!—they rise refreshed, and with alacrity pursue their daily avocations; their wants are few and these are easily supplied.

How different their rich employers,—the reflections the contrast gave rise to, extorted a sigh.

Why sighs Miss Courtenay, said the colonel, tenderly seizing my hand.

I told him.

Your observations my dear Miss Courtenay, are in general very just;—though happiness is not confined to any station, a country life is I think, the most eligible. What happiness

piners may not a man propose to himself, with an amiable partner, in an agreeable retirement, removed from the busy world and all its attendant cares;—such a life, beloved and beloved, conveys to me an idea of the situation of the first pair in Paradise.

As he spoke, he fixed his eyes on my face, with an expression in them that was but too intelligible:—I blushed, and pretended to be engaged with something on the road.

You seem quite taken colonel, said my mother smiling, with the picture you have drawn.

Why yes madam, though I must declare with the woman I love, I could be happy in any situation: was I a married man, I acknowledge a private life would be my choice.

As we sat at tea, the colonel asked Mrs. D—— how she liked England.

Why colonel, I have taken notice there are the finest horses I ever saw in this country ; but as for the men, they are altogether as ugly :—I have not seen a tolerable looking man since I landed.

We all laughed ;—the master of the inn, coming into the room, interrupted our merriment ; he desired us to secure our money, for every carriage that passed the road, for a week before, had been robbed.

We were much alarmed, though the gentlemen affirmed there was not the least danger in so large a company.

After

After thanking the landlord for his caution, we set off; we had to go over a place, called, *Black-Heath*.

It was now quite dark;—I was continually enquiring of the postilion if we were near the *Heath*,—he as constantly answered in the negative:—at last he stopped. All danger is over now ladies,—we are past *Black-Heath*.

My mother said, she would reward the fellow, for being so considerate; but the colonel insisted on taking that trouble on himself;—indeed I fancy he was tutored for the purpose.

We soon saw the lights of London, and reached West-Minister bridge, at half past ten, we stopped at an inn near the bridge, and when we were assembled

assembled in the parlour the gentlemen saluted us, welcoming us to London.

The windows of our bed-chamber looked on West-Minster bridge; the number and regularity of the lamps, had a most beautiful effect:—I could scarce prevail on myself to go to rest.

This morning the gentlemen attended Miss D—— and me to St. James's Church:—I returned my fervent thanks to God Almighty for our safety.

The church was crowded with genteel people;—some of the ladies exceeding handsome.

On our return to the inn, my mother I found, had sent to the agents, to make enquiry after my dear father.

Mr.

Mr. M—— is at his country-house, and will not come to town 'till to-morrow, at dinner time.

Oh! my Lucinda, how are we agitated between hope and fear; by this time to-morrow we shall be the happiest or most wretched of human beings:—I am sent for down. The ship we came in got to London, as soon as ourselves; the gentlemen met the captain at a coffee house, and brought him with them to supper.

There is a vessel in the river, that sails for America to-morrow; he is particularly acquainted with the captain and will charge him with my letters; I gladly seize the opportunity to send this packet, so much sooner than I expected though I could wish to wait a day or two longer, as then I hope, I may set your friendly hearts at ease, in respect
to

to my dearest father; but if I miss this, another ship may not sail this month.

Farewell then, my Lucinda, my amiable friend; your partiality for your Helena, will lead you to excuse the incorrectness of this journal, allowing at the same time for the youth and inexperience of the writer.—Major B—— will I hope, be enabled to remit it safe.

Accept the united affections of my mother and self, for your dear relations;—once more adieu,—continue to love

Your ever sincere

HELENA COURTENAY.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R VIII.

COLONEL EGERTON TO CAPTAIN
IRWIN.

London.

Well, my dear James, here I am safely arrived in old England;—you know with what reluctance I undertook this journey, though my health obliged me to it, and will be surprised when I tell thee, I am so far reconciled as to esteem it the happiest period of my life.

Oh! James, I have found a treasure,—an invaluable treasure,----a woman:--- methinks I see you smile; but such a woman James, young, beautiful, sensible, and what is more rare, without seeming conscious of her perfections:---would I could add, she beheld thy friend with partial eyes;
but

but she is cold, as mountain snow, though the smile that is continually dimpling her charming mouth, would make one think the contrary.

Sweet girl, how is my soul agitated with fears, when I contemplate thy charms, lest some happier man should call them his.

But where did you meet with this divinity, that has so completely enslaved thee.

Have patience James, and I will satisfy thy curiosity;—first then, to describe this paragon,—describe her,—do I say:—impossible.—The most elaborate description, must fail to do her justice:—to make the attempt however.

The

The contour of her face is oval, fair to a degree, with a most charming complexion, that when engaged in conversation, is frequently heightened to a brilliancy perfectly dazzling; her features are regularly handsome; her eyes a dark hazel, and a luxuriance of the most beautiful auburn hair; add to this, an expression in her countenance, that would render ordinary features attracting:—that nameless something, that *je ne sçai quoi*, as the French call it, is diffused over her person, which we all feel, but none are able to describe.

I have seen many women as handsome as Miss Courtenay; but she, as I observed before, has the soul of beauty, which is expression, and a winning sensibility that renders her adorable.

She

She is rather below the middle size, very slender, and by the slightness of her person, seems, as if she would be taller :—she is not quite sixteen.

There is a solidity, in her conversation, that is surprising,—her years considered ; but, her mother is a most amiable woman, and has taken I dare say, no small pains in forming the manners of this darling daughter :—well has she rewarded her trouble.

Our acquaintance commenced on board the ship ; they were passengers with me from America, to meet captain Courtenay ;—but, what a shock awaited them !—he had been dead some time :—what a grief to this deserving woman and her lovely daughter, and in how sweet a light does the latter appear on this occasion, striving to suppress her own sorrow, to comfort

fort her mother;—I cannot think of leaving them in this situation alone, and unprotected in an inn.

I have wrote to my uncle in Ly-mington, apprising him of my arrival, promising to be with him as soon as possible.

Mrs. Courtenay has another child, a charming little fellow, of six years old,—the doating piece of them both.

I hear the angelic Helena giving some directions to her servant; her voice, even in common speaking, vibrates to my heart;—what would be my feelings was hers softened into sensibility in my favor:—extatic thought. Oh! that she would permit me to be her protector, her lover, her husband;—with what solicitude would I watch over this inestimable Jewel:—who

knows what time and my assiduities may effect.

I fly to execute every thing I imagine will give her pleasure; the most tender friendship appears in all my actions;—but, not a syllable of love. Oh! James, if I can win this charming creature, what happiness will be mine:—my whole life shall be devoted to ensure her felicity.

Miss Courtenay corresponds with a young lady in America, a Miss Franklin; what would I give for a peep of those letters to this friend of her childhood:—Helena, no doubt, reveals every emotion of her heart.

I can write, I can think of nothing else but this divine girl, and have already I suppose, sufficiently tired you,
so

so I will conclude:—you shall hear from me on my arrival at my uncle's.

Farewell, dear James, remember me to all my friends in America, and

Believe me,

thy affectionate cousin,

ARTHUR EGERTON.



L E T T E R IX.

MISS HELENA COURTENEY TO MISS
LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

London.

AFTER a fortnight's dreadful silence, I again take up a pen, to inform my Lucinda of the distresses of her Helena.—What have been my sufferings in this interval.—Alas! my friend, our apprehensions have been

too truly realized:—my dearest father is, indeed, no more.—Merciful God! grant me fortitude to support as I ought, this heavy affliction, and comfort my sorrowing mother.

Oh! Lucinda, he has been dead almost two years; he had wrote several letters to my mother, the agent informed us;—not one ever reached us. He was so emaciated, with a long illness, he was not able to bear the coldness of this climate after the West-Indies. He died, my Lucinda, in the river coming up to London,—not a friend near him to close his eyes:—what must his feelings have been at that moment, for his helpless family;—my heart bleeds at the thought:—I cannot proceed.

A flood of tears has eased in some measure, my overburthened spirits.

Well

Well might my dear mother have such dreadful forebodings of what has happened; Heaven support her under her sufferings.

Time was not even allowed him to give in his resignation, though drawn out for the purpose.

All the fond schemes of happiness that we had planned and proposed to enjoy in the company of my dearest father, are vanished and nothing remains but a shocking certainty of our loss:—a striking example, my friend, of the fatality of earthly enjoyments, and a surety that nothing is permanent in this transitory life.

But, oh! my father, if it is permitted your blessed spirit to behold the distressed state of your widow and orphans, left to struggle (oh! how unfit,)

unfit,) with an unfeeling world:—look down upon us, and,—but, pardon me gracious God, teach me to resign myself to thy decrees; thou art over all thy creatures,—though thou chastifest us in thy displeasure, thou wilt not utterly forsake us.

I must attend my mother;—she was in tears;—she endeavoured to hide them on my entrance.

I threw my arms round her neck:—why my dearest mother will you persist in thus cruelly afflicting yourself? Would you wish to break your poor Helena's heart? What would become of your children were you to be taken from us! Think of this, and do not injure your health with unavailing grief: be comforted my dearest mother, and your Helena will endeavour to be so too.

She

She pressed me to her bosom:—her deserving, her amiable girl, she called me.

I will, my Helena, she continued, assume more fortitude for your and your dear brother's sake, in whose welfare now consists all my happiness in this life; but, oh! Helena, this blow is severe! severe! indeed,—almost more than I can support; besides, I fear our troubles will not end here: I know not in what situation we are left, and, have all a mother's apprehensions to contend with, tremblingly solicitous, for the happiness of children so deservedly dear to me.

I wept on her bosom, and little Charles coming in, clasped his arms also, round his mama.

She

She held us to her heart, called us her darlings, while heartfelt recollection suffused her eyes with tears, and drew repeated sighs from her bosom.

Dear mama, said the innocent child, do not cry any more,—indeed you make me very sorry!—why do you cry for papa, when he is in Heaven, and that you have often told me is a fine place.

She kissed the little pratler, and said, she would not weep, though her tears flowed afresh as she looked on him. Mrs and Miss D—— participated in our distresses, in the most friendly manner; but the colonel,—how shall I describe his behaviour—his delicate, his tender attentions;—indeed, his whole deportment convinces me he has one of the most feeling hearts

hearts that was ever enclosed in a human form

Miss D—— and her mother are removed to her sister's house in *Queen Ann's-street*; they have been several times to visit us. Lady D—— is quite a contrast to her sister,—mild, gentle, captivating in her address; she imperceptibly gains on your affections; her sweet blue eyes beam with complacency on all, and universal admiration is offered as a tribute, she does not seem to demand, which is justly her due.

She honours me with her particular notice;—at another time, this preference would have given me the greatest pleasure; but now, ah! my Lucinda, my heart is too deeply affected to taste pleasure.—Now indeed, I miss my dearest friend,—unavailing
regret;

regret ;—will it shorten the distance between us,—ah! no.

My mother has wrote to my uncle, in *Somersetshire* ; he administered for my (ever to be lamented) father's effects; he has a daughter settled in London ; but in what part we cannot learn ; we must stay here 'till we hear from him.

The colonel remains with us,—all places he says, are alike to him : his true reason, I believe, though he delicately forbears to mention it, he is loth, to leave us by ourselves in an inn.

I hear a great bustle below, and here comes little Charles,

My cousin comes, do you say ;—I fly to meet her.

[*In*

[*In Continuation.*] •

My mother took my hand on my entrance, and led me to my cousin.

This, my dear Henrietta, is our Helena.

She embraced me fervently and burst into tears;—dear girl,—sweet resemblance of my honoured uncle, said she. Oh! Lucinda, my heart before softened,—here I wept:—she kissed Charles twenty times,—repeatedly declaring, he was the charmingest boy she had ever seen.

My cousin insisted on our immediately going to her house;—the colonel came in, and understanding our intentions changed colour. He faltered out his regret for the loss, as he politely termed it, of our society.

L

On

On receiving an invitation from my cousin, to visit us frequently, he brightened. He handed the ladies to the carriage; as he conducted me he trembled and seemed in great emotion:—he mentioned my name,—what he was going to add, died on his tongue:—he sighed, pressed my hand, and bowing to us all, the coach drove off.

“A smart little man that,” said my cousin.

“He is a worthy one,” replied my mother, he has behaved not only with politeness, but with the greatest attention to us since we have been acquainted.

What do you say cousin?

That

That I subscribe implicitly to my mother's sentiments;—I esteem him very much for his respectful conduct.

Very well cousin, all this is very much in the gentleman's favor.

The carriage stopping, we found Mr. Freeman impatiently expecting us.—He received us with the utmost cordiality in his manner; he is possessed of an open, pleasing countenance, and has an agreeable frankness.—My cousin is a fine looking woman, a little marked with the small pox, remarkably fair; they have four children,—they doat on them,—indeed they indulge them to the greatest degree.

Mr. Freeman, is in the mercantile way, lives exceedingly genteel, and sees a good deal of company of course.

The

The colonel waited on us the next morning;—after the general compliments addressing himself to me :

“ I rejoice Miss Courteney to see you are recovering your usual looks,” and turning to my mother, “ I congratulate you madam upon it.”

She bowed, and smiled.

“ There will be no withstanding the force of her attractions then,” said Mr. Freeman, with affected gravity ;—she is almost irresistible already.

“ True Sir,” Miss Courteney must always appear lovely; but I am happy to observe, the charming bloom revisit these cheeks, from which it has so long been banished.

I sighed!

I sighed! when the servant announced Miss D——.

After paying her respects to my mother and cousins, she said.

“So my dear Helena,—how do you,” why you look delightfully, come put on your hat, and cloak, I must have you with me;—I am going a shopping;—I was at West-Minister bridge, and getting your address, drove hither: none of your grave looks,—positively I will not be refused:—“shall I madam,” to my mother.

“No certainly, my dear Miss D——.” Helena, my love, get ready.

“Make haste good girl,”—she then entered into a lively conversation with my cousins and mother;—the colonel as usual had his share of her raillery.

On

On declaring I was ready to attend her, she started up, made her courtesy, and flew down the stairs like a bird. I followed as expeditiously as I could, and after we were in the carriage, she amused herself for half an hour with laughing at the colonel, whom she styles, "the Knight of the miserable countenance."

We visited every shop in town I believe, and returned home about three to dress for dinner.

"For dinner," you repeat.

"Yes my dear Lucinda," we had sufficient time to prepare ourselves against the fashionable hour of five.

Miss D—— spent the remainder of the day with us,—as did the colonel.

"Well

“Well ladies,” enquired Mr. Franklin, what purchases have you made.

“Oh! an immensity,” said Miss D——: this London will destroy me, so many pretty things, and then the shopkeepers so simpering and so obliging; by the way I cannot help observing, I think it highly ridiculous, to see men employed in a department, wholly feminine;—pray madam, take notice of the beautiful colour of this ribband; the transparency of that gauze;—it is quite the taste;—the Dutchess of —— has just had the first of this piece.

We all laughed.

The mad girl continued, “I have no patience with such insignificant creatures, usurping a province that makes them contemptable.”

Very

"Very true" said Mrs. Freeman, whilst many a deserving female is languishing for the want of employment.

Just then, a loud rap at the door announced the arrival of some person of consequence.

The drawing-room door flew open.

"Sir Charles Manning," said the servant; the baronet entered with a bow almost to the ground, and took his seat next Mrs. Freeman.

"A tolerable handsome man Helena," whispered Miss D——.

"Well enough," re-whispered your friend.

"Saucy girl," smiling.

Mrs.

Mrs. Freeman interrupted the silence, by asking Sir Charles "if lady Manning was in town."

"No madam," said the Baronet, I expect her in a few days:---"so there is a lady in the case," again whispered Miss D—— cry you mercy.

"Are you sorry for it Charlotte,"---provoking girl.

"I must introduce you, Helena," said Mrs. Freeman, to lady Manning, and her daughter, Miss Manning, is a most amiable girl.

"You do my mother and sister great honor madam," said Sir Charles, in your purposed favor; adding gaily, "you will extend your goodness to the brother I hope, by honouring him with an introduction to those ladies."

"Certainly"

“Certainly,” said Mr. Freeman. We stood up:—this Sir Charles, is Miss D——— youngest daughter to general D—— in Amercia, and turning to me, this is Miss Courtenay, first cousin to Mrs. Freeman.

Sir Charles paid us some flattering compliments, and seating himself by us began talking in a very gallant strain, declaring we should eclipse all the females, where ever we appeared, and a great deal more to the same purpose:—quite sick of this conversation, I happened to look at the colonel, and perceived a dejection in his countenance that surprised me;—I wished to enquire the reason; but knew not how:—while I was deliberating, we received a summons to supper.

As I passed the colonel, I asked
“if he was ill.” He

He sighed! "no madam."

His melancholy encreased in proportion to Sir Charles's gait, who chatted away with amazing spirit and vivacity.

The amusements of the town,—every fashionable topic was discussed by this loquacious baronet: I thought he would never have done;—at length he rose and took his leave, supposing, I have no doubt, he had in this display of his talents perfectly dazzled two poor American girls, ignorant of the polite world in which we had been so lately introduced.

He had scarce left the room, when Miss D—— began to take him to pieces most unmercifully. She is very satirical in her remarks, particularly on the other sex; nay, her own
does

not always escape being the subject of her wit, when any of their foibles fall under her observation; and yet, I tell her, she has not a few of her own which ought to teach her to be more favourable to those of the rest of the world.

She generally gives me a laughing answer; indeed, she is perfectly good humoured:—my cousins are delighted with her; Mr. Freeman, attended her home in his carriage.

The colonel staid a few minutes;—he approached me: “let me thank my amiable friend, for her obliging enquiry before supper. I do not know what ailed me,—an uncommon depression of spirits, I think.

“I hope it is gone off,” smiling.

“Yes,”

“Yes,” how could I restrain it, and behold that smile ;—with an air, half gay, serious he bowed, and wished us good night.

Without vanity, I think I may set down his anxiety to Sir Charles’s account ; his attention to me was I fear the same ; I fear I repeat, as I would not wish to pain his worthy heart, though he can never be any thing to me.

Though not so handsome as Sir Charles, the colonel is, infinitely his superior in mental endowments: Sir Charles has a manner of putting himself forward, that to a superficial observer, gives him the advantage in conversation ;—it requires time, and an intimate acquaintance, to form a proper judgment of the colonel’s character,

M

while

while Sir Charles is developed in half an hour.

I fancy I have sufficiently tired you my dear Lucinda, with those uninteresting particulars; but while my pen is so employed, I forget the weight of woe that still at times overwhelm me.

I hope you have received my packet through Mrs. Taylor.

I long,—oh! how impatiently to hear from you; it will not, I hope, be a great while ere I have that happiness.

I commit this to the same conveyance, under cover to the amiable major B——. Adieu, then my dearest friend,—sister of my heart adieu;—say every thing you think will be acceptable, for me, to your worthy parents and the good natured Byron,
(he

(he is well I hope) and believe me,

Your ever sincere,

HELENA COURTENAY.



L E T T E R X.

MISS LUCINDA FRANKLIN TO MISS

HELENA COURTENAY.

B——;

THIS instant I have received my Helena's second packet. It has relieved me from the greatest anxiety; though far distant, I am now assured the lovely writer is in safety.

My mother has been ill my dear, —very ill;—we had little hopes of her recovery when I was favoured with your's from New-York.—Parting from

M 2

my

my father, together with the fatigue of the journey to this place, was too much for her delicate constitution;—a violent fever was the consequence. Thank God, she is restored to our ardent prayers.

My heart is at ease on her account, and returns with all its solicitude to what concerns my dearest friend. By this time, you are out of suspense, respecting captain Courtenay: may it be in the manner you wish; an interruption—it was Fanny Jervois; her family is settled within half a mile of us.

Writing, Lucinda, I fear I disturb you; I was told you had letters from Miss Courtenay;—tell me dear, Lucinda, how is the sweet girl.

Read, read, child (giving your letters,)

“Amiable

“Amiable girl” said she, when she had perused them.

Oh! Lucinda, what would I give for such a charming correspondent, and how fortunate it is, you are enabled to receive her letters through Mrs Taylor.

“True, my Fanny,” was I deprived of that consolation, I know not how I should support it.

She was acquainted with lieutenant H——, intimately so, with his wife; we wept over the recital of his misfortunes; but still there is an alleviation,—she might have lost him for ever:—alas! how many widows and orphans are left to deplore the origin of those unhappy disputes.

The affair of setting fire to general D——'s house, was the most barbarous thing I ever heard,—how I execrated the wretches concerned in this infamous transaction; and how I rejoiced in the charming Miss D——'s escape. I am delighted with your description of her sprightly behaviour; may her presence supply the absence of your Lucinda, and with her lively conversation raise your depressed spirits.

Why do you apologise my dear Helena, for being so minute;—continue it I beseech you,—nothing can be trifling to me that falls from your pen.

We left Philadelphia, the morning after I dispatched my last letter; poor Byron; he could not conceal his grief. I know not what I said to him;—something foolish I believe,
from

from the effect it produced in his countenance;—my heart was softened with the leave I had taken of my dear parent; I was awakened however, by his rapturous effusions :—breaking from him, I hurried into the carriage.

On our arrival at B——, my mother was so ill she was put to bed;—no physician could be procured. Distracted with my apprehensions, I sent all round the country without effect; we were forced to content ourselves with an old nurse :—she was our only doctress. Success happily followed her prescriptions: she did not a little plume herself upon it, and walks about the house two inches taller ever since.

This is a sweet place,—that is, for situation, and commands an extensive inland prospect; a majestic wood rises

ses from behind the house and shelters it from the northern blasts ; we have a garden well stocked with vegetables and fruit in profusion ; the house is but one story high, entirely covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, now in full blow ;—it is, indeed, a little *Paradise* of sweets ; I want but my father and your society, to render me completely satisfied with it.

I see you smile : Byron in your head I suppose, and to punish you I will leave you to conjectures.

[*In Continuation.*]

Ah, my Helena, all my levity is fled ;—I have just received your letter, and is captain Courtenay indeed no more :—good God.

The

The black seal instantly alarmed me—my mother too looked with anxious impatience. I broke it open,—too soon I saw the reason:—it fell from my hand.—Leaning back in my chair, a violent burst of grief relieved my overcharged heart.

My mother caught up the letter:—captain Courtenay dead!—Merciful Heaven support, protect his distressed family;—she could not proceed.

You know how she esteemed your amiable father:—God comfort my sweet friend, and assuage the affliction of your dear mother; but this must be the work of time:—may that meliorate them into the sweet, the melancholy remembrance of the many virtues of the deceased.

I sincerely

I sincerely hope you will find things better than you expect ; let me entreat you to keep up your spirits,—who can tell what is in store for my Helena. What would I give to be near you at this period ; but wishes, as you observe, are unavailing.

I need not desire you to take care of your precious health ;—your dutiful love for your excellent mother, makes that caution unnecessary.

As I have an opportunity of conveying this to Mr. Taylor, I must conclude here ;—continue your communications to me, my dear Helena ;—they constitute almost the whole pleasure of my life. Adieu, adieu my amiable creature,---with a thousand prayers for your felicity, and in your's your mother's.

I remain your ever affectionate,
LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

P. S. Kifs little Charles for me an hundred times.

L E T T E R X I.

MISS HELENA COURTENAY TO MISS
LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

London.

WHY do I not hear from you my Lucinda;—I am almost out of patience—surely you have not forgot your Helena ; but no, such an idea, never for a moment could gain admission in my bosom. Some unavoidable accident has intervened ;---the omission, I am assured does not proceed from you.

I will continue my narrative :---

Mr. Freeman, and my cousin,
(worthy couple) do all in their power
to

to amuse us;---how happy are to we at this time in particular, meet such amiable relations.

I have been at several places since I wrote last; have seen West-Minster-abbey; I was struck with the awfulness and grandeur, of this solemn building.

As I walked through the aisles, and reflected on the many crowned heads, whose bones were here deposited, how did all human ambition sink in my eyes,---how did several, once, who now quietly rest in this silent mansion, employ every art to become possessed of honors, that alas! they must so soon resign,---for ever resign;---the recollection of my own woes, and the transitory enjoyments, of this fleeting life, occasioned by the scene before me, gave a melancholy
to

to my countenance, soon perceived by the attentive eye of the colonel.

He tenderly took my hand :

I see by these expressive features my dear Miss Courtenay, the sad reflections that possess your mind ;—we must not let you indulge them.—“Allow me madam,” to my cousin, to attend you to the carriage :—this visit to the mansions of the dead, has been sufficiently long.

“I think so,” said my cousin ;—suppose we drive to Sir Ashton Lever’s museum.

“With all my heart,” said Mr. Freeman ;—Helena will be agreeably amused.

N

And

And so indeed I was, with viewing rarities collected from all parts of the world. Often did I wish for my Lucinda's presence, knowing how fond you are of things of this nature.

We have since been at the tower; I shuddered at the recollection of the many cruelties, that have been acted here.

But what gratified me most was, the beautiful paintings Mr. Freeman took me to view, at the houses of several of the nobility; you are acquainted with my passion for painting and may imagine my pleasure in seeing some of the works of the greatest masters, executed in the highest style.

I must leave off here :—we go to the play this evening accompanied by Miss D—— and her sister.

Mrs.

Mrs. Barry a celebrated actress, is to perform the part of *Belvidera*, in *Venice Preserved*.—I must dress for the occasion,—the more particularly, as their majesties honour the theatre with their presence. I am very sanguine in my expectations of this evening's amusement.

[*In Continuation.*]

Well, Lucinda, high as my expectations were raised, the entertainment of this night surpassed them.

It was so late when we got to the house, waiting for Miss D——, their majesties was there before us.

She made a thousand apologies for detaining us, laying the blame on her hair-dresser, who kept her head

I do

do not know how many hours, under his hands.

“ But tell me, Helena,” said she, how do you like my dress.

Extremely well indeed ;—you look enchanting.

She really was a most lovely figure ;—she is of the tallest size, elegantly shaped, the most animated countenance but one, I ever beheld :—I leave you to guess the exception.

Her gown was blue satin, trimmed with gauze and flowers ; her head only ornamented with feathers and a diamond sprig, a large *bouquet* in her bosom—I never saw her appear so handsome.

Lady

Lady Dr-p-r, claimed no small share of admiration; a white satin trimmed with silver net, was her dress.

My deep mourning did not admit of any shew.

I told Miss D—— was I subject to a certain passion, called envy, I would not venture to the play in her company.

Oh! you little hypocrite, how conscious you are, you are fibbing,--- you know you outshine me even in fables :---I will refer to the colonel here.

“ Then my decision,” said he laughing, is, that you are both equally charming, though in a different stile of beauty:---too much so, affectedly
N 3 fighting!

fighting! for the peace of all our sex,
that is to behold you this night.

“Come Charlotte,” said lady Dr-p-r,
you do not consider while you are
trifling, we shall lose half the play.

Sure enough, the first act was
almost over when we got to *Drury-*
lane;---but this is quite fashionable.

Our entrance drew the attention
of the whole house to our box; in-
numerable glasses were instantly point-
ed at us; I was so confused I knew
not how to look, my face as I felt in
a glow; just then the curtain dropped
for the first act. Endeavouring to re-
collect myself, I cast my eyes on the
opposite side of the house, and was
struck with the full view of the royal
family; the queen particularly engaged
my reverence; her majesty has a most
amiable

amiable countenance indeed ; benevolence and sensibility is blended in her expressive features, accompanied with a condescension that charms every beholder.

The king has a fine open countenance ; the princesses are all handsome.

But all my attention was quickly riveted to the stage ; I forgot every thing but the woes of *Belvidera*, so imitably represented by the soul-moving Mrs. Barry.

I was dissolved in tears during the whole performance ; Miss D—— was greatly affected :—her charming features, softened into the most pleasing sensibility, added a new and uncommon loveliness to her whole appearance.

As

As we were chatting in the interim between the play and farce, the box door opened,—turning my head, Sir Charles Manning met my eyes;—he bowed with great respect, and bending over, enquired after my health.

“ Though I perceive,” said he, that question is needless.

“ My mother and sister, Madam,” turning to my cousin, are in town and propose waiting on you to-morrow.

“ You give me great pleasure by this communication Sir Charles,” replied Mrs. Freeman.

The baronet contrived to get a place behind Miss D—— and me.

Well

Well, ladies, how have you been entertained,

“Most delightfully,” replied Miss D——.

“And you Miss Courtenay,” what is your opinion of Mrs. Barry?

I answered, “she was beyond any thing I could have conceived.”

Sir. Charles amused us with his observations on the audience;—he is really very agreeable, when he can divest himself of that disgusting flattery, with which he almost continually interlards his discourse.

The farce was, “*Who is the Dupe*,” a humorous little piece, that was very diverting.

My

My Cousin invited the baronet to supper; he attended us home,--- where we were joined by Sir William D——, a sensible agreeable man. His Lady pleading fatigue, they took their leave soon after supper, as did the colonel and Sir Charles.

When our visitors retired, Mr. Freeman rallied me on the apparent conquest, he said, I had made of the baronet:--adding "a fine young fellow and two thousand a year," eh, Helena.

"I should not wish Helena," said my cousin, to be connected with a man of such free principles as Sir Charles is known to be, let his fortune be ever so considerable.

There is not the least fear, my dear madam, exclusive of his morals,
(an

(an unanswerable objection to me,) he is not the sort of man to please me. Indeed, in my opinion, he is rather disagreeable.

“How, Helena, disagreeable,” repeated Mr. Freeman, why all the females in town are running mad for him. He leads the fashion I assure you, in dress and behaviour.

“It may be so dear sir, I have no taste in these matters;—you must not be surprised, smiling, if my notions are rather outre.”

“Very well Helena,” I would give something Sir Charles was listening to you;—it would mortify his vanity and he has no small share I promise you.

“I wish every young lady,” said my cousin, was of Helena’s way of thinking, and then assurance in men would

would not be any recommendation,
—besides, they might be a little more
attentive to their morals.

You are too hard on us poor men;
—my dear, consider the old adage,
“ a reformed rake makes the best
husband.”

You mean to insinuate, laughing,
—I know it by experience.

“ Why no,” I was never absolutely
a rake, though wild enough before I
saw your ladyship.

“ The observation,” said my mother, that a reformed rake makes the best husband, is very eroneous. There are few young women, I believe, who marry with that notion, but soon find themselves miserably disappointed; to be a rake in the true sense of the
word,

word, a man must have got over every obligation human and divine. What a shocking thing must it be, for a delicate woman to pass her life with such a man, and into what hands has she committed her earthly happiness. My dear Helena, consider this, 'never let your eye mislead your judgment.' No personal advantages can compensate for the share of those virtues of the mind, that alone can render so intimate an union permanently happy.

"No fear, madam," said Mr. Freeman, with such a mentor continually with her, it is impossible she can err.

Your letter is this instant brought me. I congratulate you my amiable Lucinda, on your mother's recovery; many, many years may she be spared to her family. How soothing to my
O heart

heart is your friendship, dear girl;—it may be one day permitted me to visit you;—seas are nothing with so pleasing a prospect in view. I will indulge the hope.

I hear a carriage stop at the door; lady Manning and her daughter—it is—I am summoned.

They are just gone;—do not be jealous Lucinda, I am quite in love with Miss Manning, the charmingest little girl I ever saw;—little I call her, for she is beauty in miniature;—the sweetest mouth it is possible to conceive; flaxen hair, an extreme fair complexion, just tinged with the rose, dark blue eyes, large and languishing; add to these, a beautiful set of teeth, and you have a faint idea of the lovely Anna. If I was pleased with her person, I was delighted with her conversation;

versation;—delicate, sensible and accomplished; my heart sought acquaintance with her's—she met me more than half way.

Her ladyship has a stateliness in her behaviour rather disgusting.—prideing herself, seemingly, on her rank and fortune; but is not this, my Lucinda, setting too great a value on those accidental advantages;—surely it is.

“My dear Anna,” said Mrs. Freeman, let me entreat your friendship for my Helena;—it will make her I am certain, very happy.

You do me great honor, dear madam; may I Miss Courtenay, through Mrs. Freeman's interference, hope for that favor.

I blushed, and said, it would give me pleasure to render myself agreeable to her.

“ Agreeable,” said she,—no fear of that; I only wish to appear half as amiable in your eyes as you are in mine. When we are better acquainted I expect you will visit me without form (which I hate,) as I shall you.

I told her, ceremony was equally disagreeable to me. My mother was taking an airing with Mr. Freeman and Charles, so did not see them; they went away before she returned.

We are in hourly expectation of my uncle's arrival;—as he has administered, my mother can do nothing without him :—another interruption.

It was Miss D——; she came flying into the room, in her usual manner, humming a tune.

Do not let me disturb you child,—nay, you shall not lay by your papers; I only come, to request you and the rest of the good folks, will favor us with your company to-morrow evening. Whisper, Helena, I will introduce you to an admirer of mine,—no despicable one I promise you; but you shall judge.

I have no doubt Charlotte, of the effect of your charms, and expect to see not only one, but many admirers;—flattering girl, and down she hurried.

Charles, is not well;—sweet little fellow,—he has been drooping those some days past;—should any thing
O 3 happen,

happen, this darling child, how, oh !
how shall we support it.

[*In Continuation.*]

I now sit down to give my Lucinda
an account of our yesterday's visit at
lady D——'s.

The lively Charlotte, met us on
our entrance; "I must chide you,"
said she, for staying so late:—you in
particular Helena.

We followed her into the drawing-
room; it was filled with company.
Lady D—— advanced to pay her
compliments.

"My dear Helena," with a sweet
smile, I am quite angry with you for
being such a stranger in *Queen Ann-*
Street.

I apo-

I apologised, pleading my frequent engagements with my cousin.

“My sister may accept your excuses,” said Miss D——, I declare I will not;—such behaviour after our intimacy, is not to be pardoned.

“Will nothing purchase your forgiveness Charlotte?—positively, no.

“What,” said a gentleman advancing, is Miss D—— refusing with such an agreeable earnestness.

Oh! my Lord, you shall be umpire. —“Shall he Helena,”—as you please Charlotte.

Well, then my lord, you must know this ungrateful girl,—ungrateful for the many favors I lavished upon her, particularly honouring her with
my

my confidence, with an ingratitude not to be paralleled, slighted my acquaintance and has not entered this house, for---I cannot tell how long.

"A heavy charge indeed," said his lordship,—what says the fair culprit.

I plead not guilty, my lord ; Charlotte has not stated the case fairly.

Oh ! do not believe her my lord ;--- she is a young deceiver.

A good deal of agreeable raillery passed on the occasion ; this I found, was the admirer Charlotte hinted to me.

Lord H——, is a most elegant man ;---his manners bespoke the nobleman and the man of quality ; there is a dignity in his address that inspires awe, while the extreme affability of his

his carriage, invites your confidence. He is not handsome,---rather the reverse; but his person is the last thing you would remember in conversing with my Lord H-----.

He appears to have an unbounded admiration for the sprightly Charlotte. I fancy she does not dislike him; but she is so wild, there is no coming at her real sentiments.

A Mr. Mortimer, a distant relation of Sir William D-----'s joined us.

"Bless me, Mr. Mortimer," said Miss D-----, where have you hid yourself this age; I have looked for your name, in the list of the deaths every morning this month past.

Why not look in the marriages, *Ma Chere*, though faith it would have been all one, which I had appeared in.

"Mortimer,"

"Mortimer," said Lord H—— could not leave so fair an opportunity of being witty, though at the expence of his judgment.

"Your servant my lord."

"Oh! my lord," said Charlotte, why do you talk to him;—I never yet knew a man rail against matrimony, that was worth having.

"Upon my honour Miss D——," said Mr. Mortimer, you are too severe.

What, by estimating your worth according to your own words: come Helena, let us leave this tasteless wretch.

I declined playing cards.

"I hate

“ I hate cards,” said Miss D—— except it is on board ship, where one has nothing else to amuse oneself;— keep the secret my Lord;—should you blab, I shall be considered as a creature utterly divested of taste.

“ Do not fear,” said he laughing. Play is indeed become the business, not amusement of our lives; we all press forward with avidity, in the vortex of fashionable dissipation.

What immense sums, are gambled away with those bits of painted paper.

“ It is a melancholy reflection my lord,” said your friend.

“ True;” but this (gaily) is not a time to indulge them.

Mr.

Mr. Mortimer again approached us; seating himself by me, he enquired how I liked England;—adding, I hear it is not long since it has been honoured with your presence.

Very well sir, what I have seen of it.

Do you think it equal to America?

I is impossible to form a judgment sir, on so short a residence.

I have often heard, it produces beautiful women, and now I am convinced (bowing) my information was true.—

He continued in this strain 'till Miss D—— observing me embarrassed, said,

“ A truce

“A truce with your fine speeches Mortimer, Miss Courtenay by this time is fully acquainted what a gallant man you are,—no need to say any more on the subject.”

He coloured and seemed vexed; but she continuing her raillery, he at length left us.

“You are too hard on poor Mortimer,” said Lord H—— smiling.

“Not at all,” why does he pester us with his nonsense.

We did not return home, 'till a late hour, I am ashamed to mention how late;—indeed they make so great an encroachment on the night, in this gay metropolis, that literally speaking, it is turned into day.

P

I expect

I expect a summons to breakfast, every instant; I have not seen my mother or Charles to day; the dear fellow was better last night and full of spirits:—these lazy folks;—but I am called at last.

The colonel has taken his leave of us; he is going to Lymington, for a few weeks;—he came as we were at breakfast,—an unusual pensiveness in his countenance.

My mother eagerly asked, “was any thing the matter.”—With a faint smile, he answered in the negative.—In the course of conversation he mentioned his journey; he could not conceal his emotions, when he bid us adieu,—“Worthy man,” said my mother, when he was gone: what a noble heart is contained in so diminutive a casket.—My uncle is this moment come. Well,

Well, my dear, my uncle is a fine looking man ; he resembles my dear father in person ;—his face is not near so handsome.

My mother was greatly affected.—He pressed me to his breast—God blefs my sweet child. He turned from us :—again embraced me. Charles running into the room, he caught him in his arms—looking on him tears (unheeded by himself) fell from his eyes on his innocent face.

Oh ! my Lucinda, had it been allowed us to have received the carresses of my honoured father in that manner ;—but vain,—vain indeed, are my repinings :—my cousin calls me to take an airing with her.

Our sweet Charles, is poorly this morning ; he rested very little all

night, and is quite feverish. My mother greatly alarmed, has sent for a physician; God preserve my darling brother: the doctor is come. Oh! Lucinda, he pronounces his disorder to be a fever that is at present raging in London: above two hundred he has under his care.

He has ordered him an emetic, which he has taken, and is put to bed;—he is now in a sweet sleep.—I write by his bed side:—Miss Manning is below.

The amiable girl expressed her sorrow for our dear Charles's illness. She came to propose a party to *Ranelagh* this evening; but, as you may suppose, we could not think of it:—he is too bad for that. His fever increases with the greatest rapidity;—a miserable night your poor Helena
will

will pass. I have insisted on my mother's not sitting up, for this night at least. She can confide in my tenderness for the sweet sufferer: Merciful Father, spare him to us, if it be thy blessed will.

Oh! Lucinda, I have been dreadfully shocked. He appeared rather composed;—I was watching his dear countenance, when he suddenly started up in the bed,—looking about him with the utmost wildness, he attempted to speak:—utterance was denied him. I screamed and caught him in my arms;—the servant that was with me having more presence of mind, gave him some drink; this relieved him:—I again heard his voice.

“ Oh! Helena, something came just here, (putting his hand to his throat;)

I wanted to call you, but I could not:"
—how I wept.

Can any thing be more distracting,
than to see those we love in agonies,
without being able to afford them the
least assistance.

Still worse, and worse, is the suffering
angel, continually calling for his
mother and me, though we are both
present.

Oh! my dear there is no hopes;
the physicians have given him over:
they can do no more for him. Graci-
ous Father teach us resignation to thy
will; how, how can we part with our
darling:—my tears blind me.

The dear child has been in strong
convulsions these two days:—what
does he not suffer.—My mother is on
her

her knees praying for his release ;—his death is nothing, compared to seeing him in such agonies.

I have not been in bed for thirteen nights ; my dear mother is alarmed for my health :—“ let me not lose both my children,” said she, and requested me to lie down for a few hours.

I will go to my brother's room once more, and then I will obey, though to rest is impossible.

My dear Lucinda, he is quite composed ; the fits have left him, and he seems disposed for sleep ; thank God, for this gleam of hope :—I will now endeavour to get a little sleep myself.

[*In Continuation.*]

Fallacious were the hopes I entertained last night, my Lucinda ;—my
brother

brother is no more ;—that charming little fellow, the delight of every eye and heart, is gone from us—for ever gone.—My mother knew he was dying though I,---I alas, entertained the most flattering expectations, on seeing him, as I thought, so much better ;—this was her reason for wishing to get me out of the room,----determined to remain with him herself to the last moment.

I am not well; a slow fever preys upon me continually, and yet, I fear to complain :----the wound so recently healed, is opened afresh; Oh! Lucinda, your Helena is marked out a victim for misfortunes.

The apothecary that attended the dear departed cherub, has ordered me some powders;—my mother looks anxiously in my face, and sighing! bids me

me for her sake, take care of my health. I seem in a disagreeable dream, from which I wish in vain to awake:— Ah ! no, it is sad reality :---they will not permit me to write any more.

A week has elapsed, and I am something more resigned to our loss.

My mother came to my bed-side this morning, tenderly enquiring how I had rested ;---she was rejoiced to find me so much better ;---sitting down by me, she conversed with cheerfulness.

I expressed my happiness to see her so well reconciled to our late misfortune.

I am reconciled my love,—surprisingly so ; God Almighty has granted this composure to my ardent prayers ;
the

the heavy loss I before experienced, sighing! renders this less affecting: it prepared my mind for this smaller misfortune. I have reasoned with myself on the sinfulness of murmuring, at the death of my child, though as promising a one, as ever mother was blest with;—but he was only a child, God, for wise purposes has re-assumed him to himself;—I assure myself it is for the best, perhaps I should not have been able to provide for him in the manner I wished. His Heavenly Father has taken that anxious care from me, by receiving him into his blessed kingdom. He is at this instant an angel of light, rejoicing at his enlargement from this vale of sorrow;—he is joined to his dear father, and looking up, her eyes furcharged with tears, through the mediation of our all-sufficient Redeemer, we shall meet again, to part no more.

She

She paused;—Oh! Lucinda, my soul seemed raised above this transitory world, and as if it had already shaken off the incumbrance of body, impatiently longed to soar to those celestial realms.

My dear mother embraced me:—
“you are all now that is left me, my Helena:”—should you too be snatched from me,---Merciful God spare me, I beseech thee, such a trial.

“Oh! my mother, my dearest mother, I acknowledge the sinfulness of my behaviour;---my heart is wax in your hands; mould it to your wishes.”

Mrs. Freeman entering, congratulated me on my recovery. On re-perusing what I have written, I am astonished at the quantity. I am just informed, a vessel sails to-morrow for
New-

New-York, and will here conclude my long letter. My Lucinda, will participate in our distress, for our little Charles. God preserve my sweet friend and her amiable family; remember me to them, and continue to love

your ever affectionate,

HELENA COURTENAY.



L E T T E R XII.

COLONEL EGERTON TO CAPTAIN
IRWIN.

Lymington.

IN pursuance of my promise, I sit down to inform my dear James of my arrival at my uncle's;---the good old gentleman was rejoiced to see me. The first evening was spent in answering his

his enquiries, respecting these valued friends I have left in America.

There is a large family of cousins here---three fine girls; but that you are acquainted with: you cannot imagine how the youngest, my favorite Patty is improved;---the second eldest is reckoned a beauty;---Emily is indeed, a lovely woman, though not in the stile of beauty I admire: possibly after seeing Miss Courtenay, I am more difficult to please.

Now I have mentioned that charming girl, let me stop to tell you, that there is an end, I fear, to all my fond hopes;---yes, James, the cruel girl sees, I am convinced, that I adore her and carefully avoided giving me any opportunity to declare my passion. Yet, her behaviour was the same,---the same winning sweetness

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and her wish to evade any particular conversation, observable only to the piercing eye of love.

She has a new admirer,—no wonder you will say; true, he is a titled one too;—a handsome fashionable fellow; he is no favourite with the gentle Helena, if one may believe her looks,---nay, she said as much. Still, I am alarmed,---shall I confess my folly:---I could quarrel with all mankind for even looking at her.

Every day encreases my passion, though it brings with it the assurance she will never be mine.

Why have I a heart so susceptible, so sensible of her attractions, if she is thus obdurate. I must, I will know the worst:---there is no enduring this suspense. If I am refused, I must
strive

strive to bear my disappointment as I ought.

The girls here, wonder I believe, at my apparent dejection or stupidity, perhaps they may call it:---inattentive to all their desires of pleasing, my mind is constantly employed with my charming Helena's perfections.

My uncle rallies me in his manner, which is rather rough. I have left my sweet-heart behind me in America, he supposes:—I smiled at his method of expressing himself.

After supper last night, I was giving them at their request, a description of my fellow-travellers; when I mentioned Miss Courtenay, involuntarily my tongue grew lavish in her praise.

Emily looking with peculiar archness, said to my uncle, "I fancy sir, we need not cross the seas to find the occasion of my cousin's frequent reveries;" we have only to take a jaunt to London, and in the person of Miss Courtenay, we will behold the fair cause.

I was confused;—this brought all their raillery on me.

"Why Arthur," said my uncle, how sheepish you look,—is there any crime in admiring a fine girl.

The good natured Patty, seeing my concern, insisted on changing the subject.

I wish with all my heart you were here; if I am disappointed in the wish next my heart, your presence would

would be the greatest consolation I could have. But, I shall soon join you, and how it will; my leave will shortly be expired,—the exercise of arms, must then be my only resource, and the duties attendant on my profession, may chase this unhappy passion from my breast.

In a few days, I shall set off for town, to know my fate. Until then, my dear James, I must bid you adieu; love and compliments as usual, from

thy affectionate friend

ARTHUR EGERTON.

L E T T E R XIII.

MISS HELENA COURTENAY TO MISS
LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

London.

I AM returned to London, after a fortnight's visit at lady Manning's elegant villa, near Richmond; the invitation was so pressing, and the physician approving the change of air, my mother was desirous I should accept their offer.

A Miss Maitland, a niece of lady Manning's, was of the party---extremely affected---not a feature in her face but what is distorted with this abominable folly;---such a lisp in her speech, poor thing, not a motion was natural; could she see how ridiculous she makes herself, she would not take such pains to render herself disagreeable, for she is really pretty.

Sir

Sir Charles joined us the second day;—his sister rallied him on his passion for the country this time of the year, a thing so unusual, she said, with him at any season. “You are very provoking Anna,” laughing, I have no objection to the country,—particularly, when we are honoured with such a visitor, bowing to me.

Oh! your servant brother;—I guessed the inducement; but come, since you are the only gentleman, let us see how you will entertain us.

To the best of my power, you may be assured;—I expect my friend Molfworth to-morrow:—why do you colour Anna. “Who I lord, Sir Charles, what is Mr. Molfworth to me.” Come, come Anna, you may as well confess your partiality;—do you think we cannot see.

How

“How ridiculous you are Sir Charles.”

“Confirmation, upon my honour” laughing. “Really Sir Charles, said her ladyship, you take great liberties with your sister.”

“That is nothing new with him, Madam,” replied Miss M——; but come Miss Courtenay, the sun is delightfully warm, shall we stroll in the park before dinner;—Sir Charles will amuse my cousin:—she dislikes walking.

He gave her such a look,—pretending not to observe it, she hurried out,—fetching our cloaks, we had a pleasant ramble, for near two hours.

“I have punished my brother charmingly,” said she laughing.

How

How could he kill me, for obliging him to stay with my little affected cousin:—by the way, he is right in his conjectures, though Mr. Molfworth is ignorant of my favourable opinion, and so I intend to keep him if I can.

I supposed there was some objection:—her mother perhaps. No interrupting me, she approves of his addresses;—he is unexceptionable in every respect.

You surprise me my dear;—what then, let me ask, is the reason?

Why I am an unaccountable girl, even to myself. I do not wish to change my situation for some time, which must be the case were my sentiments known.

I laughed

I laughed at this whim;—take care Miss Manning you do not tire out his patience, you may repent when it will be too late.

“ True,”—but come, I hope not, though I own such an event would hurt me sensibly.

She then talked of America;—I ran over all the particulars of my childhood,—expatiated, on the merits of my Lucinda. She listened with avidity,—when I had concluded:—
“ Ah, Miss Courtenay, fixing her eyes on my face, your heart is, I imagine in America,—be ingenuous, I will faithfully keep your secret; I have none of the nature you think.” There is a young lady, as I have mentioned, I love equal to myself,—I will show you some of her letters:—you will be charmed with my Lucinda.

A thousand

A thousand thanks dear creature ;
---what honor you do me in the promised communication ;---your frankness delights me. I only wish, on further acquaintance, you may love me next your Lucinda.

“ No need of a further acquaintance to make me do that, smiling; I cannot help loving you if I would.”

The first dinner bell warned us to return, as we should scarce have time to dress. On entering the dining parlour, Sir Charles approached me, saying, in a low voice, “ how cruel are you Miss Courtenay, to join with my sister in distressing me.” “ I, Sir Charles,---you surprise me.” “ Yes, you charming girl;”---did you not for more than two hours, leave me in the insipid company of Louisa Maitland? “ A great mortification, upon my word,—

word,---the lady is much obliged to you I am sure." Was she the most agreeable girl in the world, but she is the reverse, I should think her conversation tasteless, when it deprived me of your's.

" Oh! Sir Charles, now indeed, I can listen no longer." I was turning from him :--- " stay Miss Courtenay, hear me one moment." The appearance of dinner, at the instant, hindered him from proceeding.

Many sprightly repartees passed during dinner, between Sir Charles and Miss Manning. Miss Maitland added her approbation every now and then, by an affected laugh; or I should say, a simper, for she is much too well bred to break into the vulgarity, according to my lord *Chesterfield*, of a loud laugh:---even lady Manning could

could not help relaxing the muscles of her stately visage into a smile, at the baronet's drollery. In the evening, Sir Charles seemed to seek an opportunity of speaking to me; I did not avoid him for I wished him to be explicit, that I might once for all, put an end to what was so disagreeable to me.

A gentleman's family in the neighbourhood, came to tea; when they were engaged at cards, Anna and I seated ourselves on a sofa, at the further end of the room, chatting on various subjects:—she was called out. Her brother perceiving it, came and took her place. After a short pause, he began, “ lovely Miss Courtenay, permit me to seize this favourable moment, to declare with what fervor I adore you,—I love you to madness: deign then, my angelic girl, to pity my sufferings!—I beseech you, afford

R

me

me some hope." " Give me leave to interrupt you Sir Charles :—I cannot receive your addreses,—I thank you for the honour your partiality does me; but must entreat you will not solicit me on this subject any more." There was a surprise mixed with a haughtiness, visible in his countenance—mortified no doubt, at the indifference I answered him with. " May I ask Miss Courtenay, if these are your unalterable sentiments? " " They are Sir Charles ;—I detest duplicity, and should not assume it on an occasion of this nature."

He was visibly agitated; anger however the predominant passion,—I added, " I would not wish to offend you Sir Charles ; but in such affairs one cannot be too explicit ;—could I receive your addreses, I would be equally undisguised in my behaviour."

His

His features softened,—“ dearest creature allow me time to try to make myself agreeable to you:”—he took my hand. “Excuse me Sir Charles, gravely drawing it away.”—“ Let me tell you Miss Courtenay, (with an imperious air he spoke it) my person, title and fortune, I may say without the imputation of vanity, are not to be despised.” “ Far be it from me Sir Charles, to despise them;—they are much above my expectation or desert, though allow me to declare that title or fortune, (if I did not prefer the man to all his sex) would have little weight with me:—my wishes are confined in a small compass, grandeur I neither look for or desire.”

I rose, I was hurt my Lucinda, at his want of delicacy. He again caught my hand,—“ by Heaven ma-

dam you must not leave me in this manner,—you will drive me mad.”—His vehemence frightened me.

“Unhand me Sir Charles,—I am not accustomed to such free treatment;—you will oblige me by this behaviour to return to town.”

“Pardon me charming creature,—I know not what I do.—Only promise me you will not go to town.”—

“I will promise nothing sir;—it depends on your conduct to determine me.” I went to the card-table and presently Anna joined me: she perceived I was fluttered.—“What is the matter with my sweet friend, something I am sure has vexed you.” Why should you think so? “Oh! you have a very honest countenance Helena.”

The

The next day Mr Molfworth arrived; he is a very pleasing man, has that attentive manner so agreeable to most women:—even a trifle is entertaining from his manner of telling it.—I wonder a friendship can subsist between two such opposites as he and Sir Charles,—at least to judge by his behaviour:—Sir Charles,—but I have not patience with him, bold assuming man.—In spite of my prohibition, he took every opportunity of teasing me with his odious passion;—he rendered my stay quite disagreeable.—I must relate a conversation I overheard between these gentlemen:—you know my usual custom of rising early, I still continue it;—Anna is very fond of her bed, so are the other ladies;—I generally had two or three hours to myself before we met to breakfast:—those I employed reading.

The day previous to my return to London, tired not knowing what to do, I went down proposing to walk in the garden, though it is rather bleak at present; passing through a back parlour, that has a glass door opening into the garden, I saw Sir Charles, and Mr. Moleworth advancing to it,--wishing to avoid them, I slipped into a small parlour adjoining, supposing they meant only to go through it in their way to the breakfast-room,---as they entered Sir Charles said, " pshaw, prithee Moleworth, say no more;---I must obtain her:---I tell you I cannot live without her." Well, but dear Charles, you say she is averse;---would you have her whether she will or no, and then your engagements with Eliza,---how will you settle that.

Dear

Dear Molfworth bear with me:—could I be revenged of this little witch I should be satisfied.—I am mortified at her refusal of my honourable addresses, as she supposes:—little simpleton. “Fy, fy, Sir Charles, you know how much I disapprove those libertine notions;—Miss Courtenay is a charming girl, and I am assured her sentiments are as pure as her person is lovely.” “Ha, ha, ha, laughed Sir Charles; poor Molfworth, what a fine speech you have made:—well, thou art a most diverting fellow.” “I see nothing so laughable, in what I have said; I really have a great opinion of Miss Courtenay;—the utmost delicacy appears in all her actions:—seriously, Charles, Eliza, has but a poor chance with a man of thy way of thinking; but she is of age, consequently at liberty to chuse for herself.” “You do not mean I should
answer

answer you gravely, I suppose Molfworth : my dear Charles, you are convinced I love you—I adore your sister;—you may suppose, I do not wish to be on unfriendly terms with you. Did Miss Courtenay approve your addresses, your honourable addresses, let me add, I would be the last to blame you for breaking your engagements. I know what it is to be in love, and can make allowance;—but what you dignify with that title, does not deserve the appellation. Believe me did you really love, you would be far from wishing to debase the object of your affections; it will not be very difficult to overcome a passion, of the nature of your's, if you make the effort.” Sir Charles interrupted him here, prefacing what he was going to say with another loud laugh.—Oh ! how I wished myself out of my concealment :

a fer-

a servant, to my great relief, summoned them to breakfast.

I went out through the garden door, and came round to the hall, so it appeared, as if I had been walking in the garden. But, what a vile wretch is this Sir Charles; I could scarce conceal my indignation; I absolutely trembled when he approached me. You may imagine with what reluctance I suffered his company. How rejoiced was I the next day, to see my cousin's carriage drive up the avenue;—I returned to town with her. “They could not, she kindly said, spare me any longer.” I parted from the amiable Anna with regret.—What pain would her brother's sentiments occasion her; you cannot think my Lucinda, the depression there has been on my spirits ever since :
what

what a world is this,---a wicked one I am fure.

When we arrived in *St. James's-street*, I was agreeably furprised at finding the colonel there; his eyes sparkled when he faw me. "Ah! colonel, faid I, the tears starting, we have loft your little play-fellow."--- "So I have been informed, my dear Mifs Courtenay, his own eyes gliftening,---he has left this life for a better, let that confole you." "It does colonel; he was too good, too fenfible for his years, to promife a long continuance with us."--- "There is a vifible amendment in your looks, my dear Helena," faid Mr. Freeman.---- "So I think," faid my mother; but tell us my love, how have you been amufed? "very well madam, though I longed before the fortnight was elapfed to fee my friends." "That's my good

good Helena," said my cousin, I assure you, we missed you extremely.

My mother and uncle are gone this morning to settle with her agent; Charlotte D—— has been here; she wanted me to go to an auction with her and Lady D——; I excused myself, as I wished to wait my mother's return; ---I hear her voice.

[*In Continuation.*]

Well, my dearest Lucinda, it is decreed your Helena is to be a traveller :---we are going to Ireland.---My mother's presence is necessary in that kingdom, to transact some affairs of moment; it is my uncle's advice she should set off as soon as possible: ---we are to leave London in three weeks and proceed to my uncle's house, where we are to remain a short time

time, and then cross the water to Dublin, what vicissitudes do I experience.---It grieves me to part with my amiable friends;---but inscrutable are the designs of providence, unable to be developed by the weak erring judgment of poor mortals.

I was at the play last night,---the colonel was of the party; he took his tea with us, in the course of which our journey was mentioned;---he started and turned pale:---was absent all the evening.---Inattentive to all that passed, he seemed absorbed in his own melancholy reflections; as he put me in the carriage, with a hesitating voice, he entreated, I would permit him to attend me for half an hour in the morning.---“Most willingly, I answered.” “Amiable condescension, pressing my hand and sighing.”---I am now expecting him, I wish the visit was over;---

over,---I think I can guess what will be the subject; a disagreeable one to me I am sure, as I must though unintentionally give pain to his worthy bosom.

[*In Continuation.*]

Well, my Lucinda, it is as I imagined;---I will give you the particulars:---poor man how his emotions in consequence of my rejection, affected me;---but not to anticipate.---Mrs. Freeman was in the drawing-room when I entered; she took the first opportunity of leaving us.---The colonel was in visible confusion,---he got up---walked about,---again sat down. I felt myself in a very foolish situation, I wished to break the silence, yet, knew not what to say:---at last, drawing his chair near mine, a crimson flush overspreading his face,

S

“ Your

“Your sudden departure amiable Miss Courtenay, gives me the greatest uneasiness; it is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I heard Mrs. Courtenay’s intention of quitting England.—Oh! Miss Courtenay, you must have perceived the passion with which you have inspired me, almost from the first moment I beheld you; yes, charming Helena, I adore you,—I wished to gain your friendship before I made this declaration.—The fear of losing you, has made me insensible to every other consideration.—My fortune though not great, is sufficient to render one of your domestic turn happy.” He paused,—“You are silent lovely girl,—may I hope that,”—finding he put a wrong construction on my silence, I interrupted him. “I have indeed colonel seen, for some time seen, the partiality you have honoured me with;—

with ;—a partiality that, believe me, gives me the greatest pain, as it is not in my power to make an equal return ;”—hear me sir I beg you :—he seemed to wish to speak, “ I am sensible colonel of your merit ; but you know we cannot command our affections ; permit me to consider you as a brother,---alas, there is none that has a real claim to that title,---let me entreat you will endeavour to look upon me in that light.” “ Ah, Miss Courtenay, it is impossible :---I can never cease to love.” Your observation, “ that we cannot command our affections,” is just—I forcibly feel it. I accept your friendship, charming girl ; may I not hope time will ripen it into something more tender.” “ Indeed, colonel, it can never be ; I am so well acquainted with my own heart, that I am enabled to assure you, my sentiments cannot alter. I never will

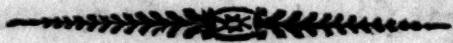
marry except I feel more than a preference for the man:---I do not mean that romantic love that hurries young people into the commission of every error; but, I must love him well enough to wish to be his wife: that never yet has been the case.—Why then may not you strive to conquer your passion, at least to reduce it within the bounds I wish; is it not as easy to do this, as to create love where there is none;---much easier I believe:---let me beseech you to make the effort.”

“ Adorable girl, and do you think such sentiments are calculated to produce that effect; will they not rather increase my passion, and add to my regrets that I must forego the hope of calling such an angel mine: oh! Miss Courtenay I am the most miserable of men.” He turned from me, then resuming, “ perhaps Sir Charles Manning.” “ Name

“ Name him not colonel,”—that gentleman will never be any thing to me, and in sisterly confidence, smiling, “ I will own, I think him the most disagreeable of men.” “ A thousand thanks dearest creature,—oh! that you would,” hush colonel, no more in this strain I beg; you forget the relationship I am to consider you in.—My mother coming in prevented his answering:—soon after he took his leave.—My mother perceived his dejection, and asked if I was acquainted with the cause:—I told her what had passed.

She was silent a few moments—then said, “ I wish to see you my Helena, settled,—my life is very precarious,—it would be a dreadful thing to leave my child unprotected; but I will never desire you to put the least constraint on your inclinations, you have acted with the utmost propriety, in declaring

your sentiments, with a becoming frankness :—I would not for the world so worthy a man should be kept in suspense." I thanked my dear mother, for her indulgence, and promised, she should never have cause to repent it, ---he is indeed amiable; I hope he will reason himself out of a passion, so unavailing : how unlike Sir Charles. I have not seen the latter since my return to town; I am rejoiced to be rid of his persecutions; I must break off to dress for dinner, as a great deal of company is expected.



Lady Manning, her sweet daughter, Sir William and Lady D——, Mrs. D—— and the lively Chorlotte were with us yesterday;—she and Miss Manning retired with me to my dressing-room,—after dinner---I let them
read

read your letters ;—they were quite delighted with them, and spoke in the highest terms of the charming writer ; my cheeks glowed with pleasure, at the praises bestowed on my beloved Lucinda.

“ How can we part with this dear girl, said Miss D——, turning to Anna---the little incroacher;---’till now I am going to lose her ; I did not think she had stolen so far on my affections ;---but remember Helena, you correspond with me;---I will never forgive you else.” “ Indeed I will,---your offer does me too much honour not to be embraced with avidity.”

The amiable Anna said, “ she never loved any one so much on so short an acquaintance,” adding “ she should be enabled to learn my welfare from Miss D——,” Charlotte answered,
“ she

“she would communicate my letters to her with pleasure.” I told them, I hoped they would not be like the generality of the world—out of sight out of mind. “Never fear,” they both said. “For my part, said Miss D——, though I am a wild creature, I can answer for my stability in that respect; I have a heart that beats warmly in the interest of my friends.”

We had a most agreeable day; it often reminded me of those happy ones spent with my Lucinda. How many affecting incidents my dearest friend, has happened since that period, short as it is.

The gentlemen joined us at tea; lord H—— and the colonel were of the party.

“What

“What ails Charlotte, said lady D——, an unusual silence seems to have taken possession of her.” “Aye said Sir William, what is the matter, with our lively sister.” “I have sufficient cause, replied she, in Miss Courtenay’s so soon leaving England.” I glanced my eye towards the colonel: oh! how I felt for him,---a death like paleness, overspread his cheek, which was instantly succeeded by a hectic flush: fortunately his emotions passed unnoticed. All the company expressed their regret in a very polite manner; lady D——’s sweet eyes glistened. Taking my hand, she said, “Must we part with our dear Helena just as we are become sensible of her worth.”

How happy am I, my Lucinda, to be esteemed by such amiable people; it will make me ambitious to deserve it. My

My cousins kindly endeavour to give me every amusement in their power, before I leave London. We go to *Ranelagh* this evening;—indeed we have company, or are out every day; the mornings spent in paying or receiving visits, shopping, or going to auctions; this dissipated life does not by any means agree either with the inclination or constitution, of your Helena. I sigh! in vain, for those times, when we could amuse ourselves, with a few social friends, and while we worked were entertained with one amongst us reading, or with improving conversation. We met Sir Charles Manning at *Ranelagh*; he joined us,—Mrs. Freeman invited him to take tea in our party, which he accepted;—he wanted several times to engage me in a seperate conversation;—this you may be sure, I would not permit, his proud spirit rose to

to his face more than once, at finding me determined not to listen to him. I was quite chearful in his company, reflecting I should so soon be out of his reach. He saw us to our carriages, and with visible chagrin in his looks, took his leave.

Miss D—— rallied me, a good deal on his departure; I answered her in the same strain.

We shall be so much engaged, preparing for our journey, I fear I shall not be able to write again 'till I arrive at my uncle's; my mother says our stay there must be very short: God continue to my Lucinda every blessing she enjoys, and encrease them 'till her felicity is perfect. Hasten to me my dearest friend, the wished-for intelligence of your health and happiness and that of your invaluable family; continue to love your ever affectionate

HELENA COURTENAY.

L E T T E R XIV.

COLONEL EGERTON TO CAPTAIN
IRWIN.

London.

WELL, my friend, I have spoke and am refused, though in the gentlest manner, with sufficient steadiness to preclude all further hope. This sweet, this angelic girl will never be mine; she offered me her friendship, her sisterly friendship:—"cold friendship, in return for such a love as mine." "Cruel girl, you know not the heart you refuse;—insensible as you are to those tortures that at this moment rend it;" but how I rave. Pardon me dear James, I am not myself, nor have not indeed since this total rejection:—I will endeavour to recollect my scattered thoughts.

I believe

I believe I forgot to inform you of Mrs. Courtenay's and her daughter's removal to *St. James's-street*, before I left London, to a cousin's that is married to a merchant, a very worthy man. She is an amiable woman; they both doat on the too charming Helena. Captain Courtenay's brother is in town; on inspecting the state of his sister-in-law's affairs, he finds it necessary for her to go to Ireland, to recover some money lent in that kingdom, previous to captain Courtenay's going abroad. Her lovely daughter accompanies her in this excursion:—this it was that hurried me in my declaration, though determined to seize the first favourable opportunity.—I was rejected in such sweet terms, it has added if possible to my passion; she entreated me to strive to conquer it: little does she know its force. “Conquer it.” “Oh! my friend, it is impossible.”

T

I thought

I thought certainty preferable to a state of suspense, and wished to make the experiment:—I have made it and am wretched. Bear with me dear James; unfolding myself to thee on paper, gives me some relief.”

My uncle and cousins were loth to part with me so soon; I was obliged to promise to return in a few weeks. When I arrived in London, I flew to *St. James's-street*, and was informed Miss Courtenay was on a visit at lady Manning's, near *Richmond*. A thousand jealous fears took possession of my bosom, on this intelligence, which none but those that love, and love like me, can imagine; but when the dear girl appeared, they vanished like morning mists, before the enlivening presence of the sun. She received me with such lively pleasure in her looks, that that flatterer, hope, again began to dance around my heart.

Mrs.

Mrs. Courtenay has lost her charming little son; the sweet Helena, lamented him to me with tears: "dear angel, with what rapture, I could have pressed her to my bosom and hushed all her sorrows."—I have reason to think her mother would not be averse, could I incline her daughter to my wishes; but this I despair of ever doing. This provoking journey too, is an additional distress; I hoped to have enjoyed her company while I am permitted to remain in England. I said, "I would bear my disappointment like a man." "Ah, James, the same events appear very different when viewed near and at a distance." I will however summon all my resolution,—shall I not want it to enable me to support her absence; I will soon be with you;—together will we tread those paths of glory, now the only consolation left me. I had almost forgot to acknow-

ledge the receipt of your letter;—I will get your commissions executed in the best and quickest manner I am able. Assure thyself of the unalterable love of dear James,

your affectionate

ARTHUR EGERTON.



LETTER XV.

MISS LUCINDA FRANKLIN TO MISS

HELENA COURTENAY.

Philadelphia.

THE date of my letter will inform my dearest Helena, that, I am once more returned to Philadelphia; general H—— and the troops under his command, have evacuated this city;—my father and Byron instantly set off

off to conduct us hither;—what joy did I experience at taking possession of my apartments—a joy, mingled with regret, at the recollection of the absence of the dear creature that once shared them with me. Mrs. Taylor had a letter for me; oh! my sweet Helena, how I feel for you, in the trials you are exposed to so repeatedly,—you wanted not the dear Charles's loss, to fill up the measure of your afflictions;—your mother, charming woman, what an exalted mind is her's; may my Helena be enabled to copy her resignation, as she has her every other virtue.

I am charmed with your descriptions of the different scenes you have been engaged in; continue them to me I entreat you;—what would I give to be with you; but it will never be my fate to visit England.

I am delighted with Miss Manning;—I hope you will not have any trouble in getting rid of the addressee of Sir Charles; by your account he is a bold man, and that is I know, a character peculiarly your aversion.--I am not surprised at the partiality shewn by every person that beholds you;—my Helena is certain I love her too well to flatter.

This Byron has resumed his old subject,--teazing me continually, on (his favorite topic it seems) his sufferings and services. Nothing but matrimony—matrimony, will go down with those good folks; it is high time to come to some conclusion,—you will guess who said this:—so they will not let me be happy my own way. I believe I must accede to their wishes, were it only to get rid of their importunities. I shall make a very bad
wife

wife I fear;—was Byron wife, he would let me remain a few years, 'till I gathered a little solidity; however, his folly be on his own head.—I will keep off the evil day as long as I can.—I hear my mother on the stairs; dear madam you must not peruse this fine epistle, which I know you will want to do if you see it,

Oh! Helena, I have been inexpressibly shocked; my mother has just informed me, Mr. Byron by a fall over a cannon has broke his leg.—I knew not 'till this instant how much I valued him—what will become of me if I lose him.—My father is gone to him; I dread his return:—God preserve my poor Byron.

We have received the following short note from my father: "I am so happy as to inform my dear love, that
the

the surgeons do not suppose Byron is in such danger as was apprehended, from the manner in which his leg was broke; they are preparing to set it:—poor fellow, he is rejoiced at my presence; I have promised to sit up with him to-night.—Adieu, my dear, all will be well; tell Lucinda to keep up her spirits.—Your ever affectionate

ROBERT FRANKLIN.”

I hope my father does not flatter us. Dear Byron I never will treat you with such flippant folly again; I find I could not support your loss,—I have wept myself almost blind; my mother entreats me to endeavour to get a little rest:—good night to my dear Helena,—God grant it also to my Byron.

I have passed a sleepless night; it is eight o'clock and my father not yet

yet returned;—I must dispatch a messenger,—this suspense is intolerable:—I hear his voice.

Well, Helena, my father left Mr. Byron very composed; the first part of the night he was restless and rather light-headed.—My father waited 'till the doctors came; they think there is not any danger of a fever;—this news has in some measure restored my spirits, yet I have a thousand apprehensions;—a most violent head-ach obliges me to break off for the present.

[*In Continuation.*]

We send every two hours to Mr. Byron's;—he continues as well as a man with a broken leg can be;—this shocking affair has so unhinged me, I cannot take the notice I wish of the other parts of your letter: I shall not be myself this month. Well,

Well, my dear Mr. Byron is mending though slowly ; I have been to see him accompanied by my mother.—My father wanted to persuade him to wait a few days longer ; but he was so urgent, he was forced to consent.

My father came home ;—“ Lucinda, said he, get your mother’s cloak and your own ;—I want to take you to do an act of charity,--to visit the sick.” “ Dear Sir, do not you think it may hurt Mr. Byron.” “ Why so I told him ; but could not convince him ; on the contrary, he imagins it will do him good ;--make haste, he expect us :--he must not be disappointed.”

When we arrived at his house, I trembled excessively ; my limbs could scarce support me to his bedside.

“ Here

“Here Byron, said my father, I have brought a comforter to you.” He eagerly held out his hand.---“Dearest Lucinda, his eyes sparkling, how shall I express my thanks for this condescension.” I took his hand in mine, and declared how happy I was to see him so well after what had happened. —He said, he could not consider it a misfortune, as it proved how much he was esteemed by the most deserving family in the world. “Yes, Yes, Byron, said my father, it has done you no disservice with somebody I promise you. We cannot pretend to assume our saucy airs any more after we have so expressed ourselves.---Lucinda why do you blush, one would suppose by your consciousness, I meant you.

Indeed I am sure I looked quite foolish;---Byron enraptured was going to reply, when my mother good-naturedly

turedly reproached him, for overlooking her.

“ Dear madam, excuse my omission; but this dear Angel renders me incapable of seeing any thing but herself.”
—I was obliged to sit down by him;—he could scarce remove his eyes from me a moment;—he looks pale, and thin, no wonder after what he has suffered.—After staying near two hours, we took our leave, promising to see him frequently. I must though unwilling conclude, as I have an opportunity of sending this to *New-York* immediately; do not miss an opportunity of writing I beseech you.—All happiness wait on my sweet friend and her amiable mother; all here desire to be remembered in the most affectionate manner;—once more my Helena adieu.

Believe me, ever your's,

LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

L E T T E R XVI.

MISS HELENA COURTENAY TO MISS
LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

Woodville.

WELL, my dear Lucinda, here we are at my uncle's pleasant little seat; I will proceed to acquaint you with all our movements:—I was inexpressibly affected at taking leave of our amiable friends—they accompanied us, that is, Sir William and lady D——; Charlotte and Miss Manning, in Sir William's carriage;—my cousin, my mother, your Helena, and our Kitty in her's; my uncle, Mr. Freeman, and the colonel rode the first day's journey; we passed the evening together—a melancholy one it was and breakfasted the next morning, still protracting the approaching separation, as long as possible. At last the carriages

U

were

were announced :—we must part.—
I was repeatedly embraced, with the
greatest affection, and as repeatedly
charged by the dear girls, not to for-
get my promised correspondence ;—
but how shall I describe the sorrow
of the colonel ;—poor man, the re-
membrance pains me. He will soon
return to *New-York*,—may he quickly
regain his former serenity; he seized a
moment, to lament the severity of his
destiny, as he called it.

“ I wish you colonel, said I, with
earnestness, every happiness;—your
friendly, your more than friendly be-
haviour to my mother and me, since
our acquaintance, deserves every re-
turn in my power ;—accept my ac-
knowledgments; may you, I repeat, be
happy, though I cannot contribute
to make you so.” My heart was sof-
tened ;—I was obliged to take out
my

my handkerchief. "Amiable lovely girl," said he, "I will not distress you; let my sufferings be what they may, I will not. It will be some alleviation to them, to know you are happy; may the most exquisite felicity be your portion. I shall soon join my regiment; all countries are now indifferent to me." "Wherever you go colonel, you have my sincere wishes for your welfare." He looked his thanks,—he could not speak:—after a thousand adieus on both sides, we hurried into the carriage, their eyes pursuing us 'till we were out of sight.

We arrived at my uncle's the next day, and received the kindest reception from my aunt and cousin, a young lady about twenty, a very agreeable girl. My cousin Julia and I soon became intimate;—she is beloved by a gentleman of small fortune, a

near neighbour of theirs;—their passion is reciprocal: my uncle does not approve of him for a son-in-law.—He has asked for her and has been peremptorily refused. My uncle is rather strict in his notions of filial obedience;—Julia will never marry without his consent. My aunt remains neuter, though I fancy she favours the young people;—I saw him at church yesterday; he is a genteel youth, about two and twenty.

You have no idea Lucinda, what a bustle a stranger makes in a country church in England;—do you know her,—who is she,—is buzzed from every corner:—I was quite abashed at the general stare.

On our return home, my uncle laughed, “Why Helena,” said he, “you are a bashful girl,—you cannot bear
to

to be looked at,—no not you. I was asked by several who you were, and I suppose, shall have half a dozen proposals before the week is out.” I smiled, and told him he had a right to divert himself with me if he pleased. My cousin Julia, invites me to walk with her.



In the course of our promenade we discoursed of Mr. Selwin; she will never marry any other man she says, nor him without her father's approbation. I asked if Mrs. Freeman was acquainted with Mr. Selwin's address. “She is my dear; but Henrietta, does not wish me to encourage him, on account of the smallness of his fortune;—she has not, Helena, any notion; but an attachment of this nature may be over-

come. Henrietta did not marry for love, and yet is very happy." This she is for ever repeating to me;---but what can I do,---I never can cease to regard Mr. Selwin in the tenderest manner;---she wept---advise me, my cousin.

"My dear julia, young and inexperienced as I am, how can I advise you;—you say you never can cease to love Mr. Selwin, you must endeavour to wait with patience. My uncle, when he observes your attachment to each other so strong, and sees in its proper light your dutiful behaviour, will, perhaps, relent and make you happy."

"Dear girl may your words be prophetic; how blest am I in your society;—I wish my aunt, could be persuaded to leave you with us." I would

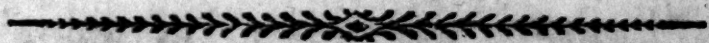
would not my cousin, stay behind her for the universe, I should be miserable with my apprehensions, respecting her,—so I am certain would my mother.”

Julia, said, “that was true;—her father and mother had been speaking of it, but supposed it vain, to make the proposal.” On return, my aunt said, “Julia, here has been some young ladies to visit you, and the admiral and his daughters came to invite Helena and you to a ball, he proposes giving the day after to-morrow.” “I am glad of it, said Julia, on my cousins account; it will amuse her;” I asked Julia, “Who this same admiral was?” “A man of fortune, she said, that had spent almost his whole life on the watery element; but was now retired with his two daughters, to his paternal estate. He is a good creature, though rather boisterous

boisterous in his manners, is quite unreserved in speaking his sentiments;—his eldest daughter is pretty; but so exceeding proud, it is a penance to be in her company;—her sister is a sweet girl, though not so handsome as the other; her winning carriage makes her the delight of all her acquaintance.—The admiral has a son at sea, lieutenant of a man of war; his father doats on him,—his noble boy, he calls him, with an air of exultation, for young as he is, he has signalized himself in the war, behaving on several occasions with the greatest bravery.” I have not seen lieutenant Beaumont these ten months;—Sophia, the last time I saw her, told me she expected him soon; he will be here at the ball I suppose:—the admiral always gives an entertainment of this kind once a year, and invites all the gentry for twelve miles round.

Julia

Julia is busy preparing for this important night; for my part being in mourning, little preparation is necessary. I had a white bombazine, made up in London; I only wore it twice; this, and a small crape cap, will be the dress of your Helena.



Well, my dear, the day, the important day is arrived; big with the fate, not of *Cato* and of *Rome*, but of the *admiral*, and his *ball*:—what a piece of work a thing of this kind makes in the country.

Julia is under the hands, of the *friseur*; poor man, he scarce knows how to turn himself, he has so much business.—I have dispensed with his attendance;—I intend dressing my own hair, as I do not wear powder; besides
it

it would be improper in mourning. Julia is astonished at my sitting down to write. I told her it would be time enough to begin the important task of dressing after dinner:---here comes the dear teasing girl again,---I must leave off---she wants my assistance she says.

[*In Continuation.*]

Well, my dear Lucinda, I am seated to give you the particulars of this superb ball,---such it really was;---but first, I must describe Julia's dress:---she has left off her mourning some time; she had on a pale pink lute-string petticoat and body, with a crape flounced coat over it, made very full; ruffles and tucker, Italian crape trimmed with blond; a chip hat turned up on one side, ornamented with flowers and feathers and lined also with
pale

pale pink ;---she looked very handsome. ---she has a clear brown complexion, sparkling black eyes and fine chesnut hair. My gown I have mentioned ; my linnen was book-muslin, edged with fringe. We sat off for the admiral's in high spirits ;---he came himself to hand us from the carriage.—“ So my dear Julia,” said he, “ how do you do ; this is your fair cousin I suppose :---young lady you are welcome to *Ivy Hill*.” I thanked him. “ Come my pretty little frigates, let me show you into the company ;---ah, ah, here is Jack faith,---come my boy, you are fitter to escort those ladies than your poor father ;---God help me, I may lie by.” His son advancing, paid his respects in a very gallant manner to my cousin ;---she welcomed him home ;---after thanking her, he turned to me, “ You will introduce me to your charming cousin, my dear Miss Courtenay.”

tenay." She did.--I courtesied, and he paid me some very polite compliments.

He has a sensible spirited countenance;--his complexion is rather tanned from the sea, fine dark eyes, and an aquiline nose; he is marked with the small-pox, which gives him, in my opinion, a manly look.

When we entered the house, a young lady approached us.-- "My dear Julia, I am rejoiced to see you, and this young lady your cousin:--suffer me madam, to reckon you in the number of my friends."

This I perceived was Miss Sophia;--we accompanied her into the drawing-room; a great many fine women were present, and beaux without number.

Tea

Tea and coffee was served from an inner apartment ; the company continued coming 'till past nine : it was near ten when we entered the ball-room. Mr. Beaumont engaged me for the first two dances ; he left me for a moment, and returned with his eldest sister. " Harriot," said he, " I am sure you will be proud to be made known to Miss Helena Courtenay."

She saluted me in a polite distant manner, which I returned in the same way ; her brother seemed hurt at her coolness. I shall only say, " she justifies what Eliza said of her."

Mr. Beaumont is extremely pleasing in his behaviour ; when he compliments, it is in so delicate a way, it is impossible to be displeased.

Methinks I see you Lucinda, put on one of your arch smiles:—you are

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mistaken

mistaken my dear. Your Helena's heart remains untouched I assure you ; I fancy I shall carry it to the other side of the water with me.

Julia was quite happy ;—no wonder, Selwin was present. She dances elegantly ; his eyes with rapture, followed her every movement ; her cheeks glowed with conscious blushes on his attentions :—how they doat on each other. I sincerely wish my uncle would consent to an union that promises so fair to ensure her felicity.

The Admiral had something to say to every body in his own way : coming up to me, “ Well, my fair American, I find you have been a traveller as well as myself ; you and I must be better acquainted ; you can make an allowance for a rough seaman. Now Jack there, though as brave a lad as ever

ever stept between *stem* and *stern*, has as many fine speeches as any fair weather chap of them all.

I smiled, and said, " I had known several gentlemen of that profession, as much polished in their manners, as it was possible to be." " Why yes," said the Admiral, " every age we grow more and more polished as you call it: I wish we may not become too refined at last." I was diverted with the old gentleman; his son taking my hand, said gaily, " You see Miss Courtenay, the force of your attractions,---old and young indiscriminately feel their power." I laughed and told him, " I was not quite so vain as to give implicit credit to his compliment."

" About one, we were summoned to an elegant supper, after which we returned to the ball-room, and conti-

nued dancing 'till past four. I was quite fatigued ; it was near five when we got home : Mr. Beaumont attended us. My uncle had not retired, nor my mother or aunt ; Mr. Beaumont staid about ten minutes and then took his leave ; both Julia and myself were too tired to give any account of the ball : we promised them the full particulars at breakfast.

It was twelve the next, or rather that morning, before we arose. As we sat at breakfast chatting over our evenings entertainment, Mr. Beaumont and another gentleman made their appearance, to enquire after our health, hoping we had received no cold. " We were perfectly well, we said." " Give me leave then," said Mr. Beaumont, " to recommend to you ladies, an airing on horse-back ; it is the best thing in the world after dancing

dancing to a late hour. I left my sister Sophia preparing herself, and told her I would try to persuade you to accompany her; Harriet dislikes riding: she is very timorous." "Do girls," said my uncle, "it is good for your health this fine weather. Helena shall ride my poney; it is a gentle creature, and will just suit her."

Julia and I ran up stairs, and put on our habits, and set off for the admiral's with the gentlemen;—Miss Sophia was waiting for us; we had a delightful ride 'till dinner time: Miss Sophia staid with us the remainder of the day, as did the gentlemen: the admiral and Miss Beaumont joined us in the evening.

My mother begins to mention our journey; she is impatient to be in Ireland; the pleasures we enjoy in the

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society

society of our friends must not, she says, make us neglectful of our business. What an unaccountable fate is ours—continually meeting with aimable people, and as continually parting from them; our adventures, Lucinda, would not make an uninteresting novel, though there is nothing of the marvellous in them. My uncle and Julia will accompany us to *Holy-Head*, where we are to embark.

I have had a letter from Mrs. Freeman; they are all well, but miss our company exceedingly, she says: they think of taking a journey to Holland; Mr. Freeman has some business to settle there, and my cousin cannot think of letting him go without her.

“The colonel,” she says, “has been ill; he has confessed to them his partiality for your Helena.”—My cousin observes,

observes, I am wrong to refuse such a man; so unexceptionable an offer in every respect: it may be so, my Lucinda, but I cannot repent my rejection; it is repugnant to my principles to marry a man I do not prefer;--- I am sorry he has been ill, so I told her in my answer.

Our conversation this evening, happened to turn on the cruelty of parents forcing their children to marry contrary to their inclinations: Mr. Beaumont spoke feelingly on the subject; he mentioned an instance, within his own knowledge, of a marriage of this nature, that had been attended with the most fatal consequences.

“So you think,” said my uncle, interrupting him, “parents are not to exercise any authority over their children,

dren, but must let them follow the lead of their romantic imaginations."

"Pardon me, dear sir, neither do I say that parents have an undoubted right over their children; I only meant to observe the cruelty of carrying that right too far, when the happiness or misery of their children depend on their determination."

"I do not know how, replied my uncle, it can be carried too far: parents must know what is fit for their children better than themselves, or they have lived to little purpose indeed. Was a child of mine to judge for herself in a matter of such moment without my approbation, I should ever consider her as an alien to my heart and fortune."

Poor Julia, how I felt for her; her colour went and came repeatedly during

ring this speech; at the conclusion, she looked as if she would faint: I rose and asked her to walk in the garden; not waiting for her answer, I hurried her out--a copious flood of tears came to her relief--she leaned on my shoulder---I strove to comfort her by every means in my power.—

“ Oh! Helena, sobbed the dear girl, you see how determined my father is; nothing but misery remains for me.”

I begged her not to think so, and said every thing I could devise to compose her mind. We returned to the house, and retired to her chamber: I staid with her 'till near supper time: she entreated I would apologise for her not appearing:—she was not fit indeed, her eyes were swelled with weeping. On entering the parlour, I found my uncle there alone.

“ Well, Helena, said he, you have been comforting the poor love-sick

girl, I suppose."—Indeed, my dear uncle, you are too severe, pardon me.

But where is Julia?

In her chamber, sir; you will please to excuse her coming to supper.

Yes, yes, meditating on Selwin, no doubt, and accusing her father of all the cruelty in the world.

You do not know my cousin's dutiful heart, sir; she will never, I am convinced, do any thing you disapprove, let her sufferings be what they may.

Why, I must own I have a great opinion of Julia, it would hurt me sensibly to be disappointed in her; but the young fellow she has unfortunately fixed her affections on, is one I never can consent to give her to.

I hope

I hope my uncle will not think me presuming on his goodness, in taking the liberty to say, I imagine a competence when two young people love each other, preferable to a great fortune, where there is perhaps a mutual disgust.

Pshaw, you talk like a child as you are; believe me, Helena, it is all stuff; there is my daughter Freeman, for instance, who can be happier? she married the man I recommended.

Excuse me, uncle, for interrupting you, my cousin Henrietta was not prepossessed in favour of any other man.

What a saucy pleader you are Helena. Had your father, my dear girl, thought differently on this subject, he would not have had so many difficulties to struggle with, as often was the case:

case: I don't mean any reflection on your mother, she is an excellent woman, and has had her share of sufferings: God knows if they are as yet ended.

I wept; my uncle drew me to him, and pressing me in his arms, said, "Don't weep, my love, I am sorry I distressed you; I only intended to observe what consequences often follow marrying merely for love, without any regard to fortune."

I cannot express how much I was affected at this retrospection to my parents.—Thank heaven, my dear mother is not of my uncle's way of thinking: Julia, you see, has no chance of marrying the man of her choice.

I will not close this letter 'till my arrival at Holy-Head; I shall give it
in

in charge to Julia to send to Mrs. Freeman;--Mr. Freeman is always informed of every vessel that sails.

I went yesterday to take leave of the admiral's family ; the old gentleman wished me a pleasant passage, and safe moored in Dublin bay. Miss Sophia politely expressed her regret at my departure, as did her brother ; he hoped I would soon return ; I said that was uncertain, and so it is indeed. We set off to-morrow.—Adieu, my dear, I must assist my mother in packing up.

[*In Continuation.*]

Holy-Head.

Well, my Lucinda, we have been here three days waiting for a fair wind. Julia is angry with me; I am impatient to leave her, she says; I tell her,

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so far from it, I wish we had not the journey to take; but I know my mother's anxiety to be in Dublin.

I have just received your dear letter---this was an unexpected happiness: my aunt sent it off as soon as it arrived, hoping it would reach us before we left England. I congratulate my amiable Lucinda, on the worthy Byron's recovery; I knew you loved him, my dear, better than you would own even to me: thank God it is no worse; I hope you will always be as sensible of this happiness as you are at present, and keep your promise not to treat him with your former capriciousness; if you do, I must transcribe a part of your letter, and send it him; it will convince him of the interest he has in your heart;---you put up your pretty lip, and threaten me with your resentment---I don't care, you may
return

return the compliment if it is ever in your power.

The captain has sent to let us know the wind is coming round, desiring us to hasten on board. God preserve my Lucinda, and all her dear friends, prays her ever affectionate

HELENA COURTENAY.



L E T T E R XVII.

MISS LUCINDA FRANKLIN TO MISS
HELENA COURTENAY.

Philadelphia.

MY dear Helena's letter, informing me of her intended journey to Ireland, is just put into my hands.—

You may well exclaim what vicissitudes

tudes are in your life! When will you be free from those anxious suspences that have lately disturbed your repose? I thank my sweet friend, for being so particular in her communications; what pleasure do they give me. I wish, my dear, you could have liked the colonel; he is, by your description, an amiable man; but there is no accounting for inclination: you are very young—when you do change your situation, may the happy man be deserving of my Helena's virtues; no fear then of your felicity.—Byron is quite well, and as tormenting as ever. He asked me but now, when I intended to make him the happiest of mortals by consenting to be his?

I stared at him with the utmost astonishment; he nothing intimidated went on:—"Indeed, my sweet Lucinda, it is time to reward my sufferings

ferings with this dear hand, pressing it to his lips:—let me beseech you to name the day, that will make me the most blessed of human creatures.”

“ Name the day, repeated I, half out of breath with surprise ;—the man is out of his senses :—prithee Byron do not be ridiculous.”

“ Dear creature, do not trifle with me thus ; do not delay my happiness any longer :—consider what I have suffered.”

“ Yes, yes, I have pretty well considered your sufferings ; my foolish behaviour on the occasion, has given rise to this strange request.”

“ Strange, Miss Franklin.”

“ Yes, Mr. Byron, what else,—in the midst of war and tumult to

think of marriage : say no more I desire you on this subject."

" Dear Lucinda, if we wait for the conclusion of these troubles, it may be this age before we are united ; what has the war to do with our private felicity :—think of this my sweet girl and do not procrastinate our nuptials."

" I will hear no more Byron—let me go I tell you." " Not 'till you answer me my Lucinda." " I have already,—no other will I give." " Cruel girl, how have I deserved" " Aye, now plead your sufferings again." " Charming girl, why will you thus distract me." I broke from him, and ran to my closet.

—Would you believe it, Byron is in the dumps—quite gloomy I assure you :—

you :—scarce spoke when I went down to tea.

My father came in, “What ails you Byron,” said he. He complained of an head-ach,—he went away soon after tea.

“What have you done to Mr. Byron Lucinda,” began my mother ; his illness, I am sure, is only pretence?

“Me;—nothing madam.”

“Fy, fy, Lucinda, depend on’t you will one day or other be sorry for your behaviour.” “Dear madam, how am I to blame.” “You best know Lucinda ; let me desire you will conquer a levity, which I am sorry to add, is too prevalent in your disposition.”

“It

“ It is very hard madam, that I am to be accountable for Mr. Byron’s humours.”

“ But you ought for your own, Lucinda”——some company coming in put an end to my mother’s lectures;—so your Lucinda is in disgrace on all sides. I am foolish enough to be alarmed for Byron, fearing he is really ill. Was he here, I believe I should make it up with him on his own terms.

He came to breakfast this morning—still very grave. My father proposed an excursion, to Mr. Wood’s country-house, to dinner; my mother consented, and the carriage was ordered—Byron to attend us on horseback. I recovered my spirits, so I determined to let him have his humour out:—“ Not so my mother.”

She

She reminded me of Mrs. Howe, in *Clarissa Harlow*,—it was, “how are you now, and how do you do now Mr. Byron,” every time he approached the coach windows.

We spent a pleasant day at Mr. Wood's; Byron would fain have been reconciled;---it was my turn now to be stately. It was near eleven o'clock when we reached Philadelphia. After my father and mother were out of the carriage, Byron came to offer his hand to me;---I was determined to finish the scene; my mother began---so, putting on all the airs of a Miss Howe to her Hickman---I flourished my hand:—I have no need of help, fir---you are in my way---attempting to jump out. But he did not retire from the carriage with the fright of poor Hickman; on the contrary, he seized my hand smiling, in spite of his chagrin.—

grin.—“ Dear Lucinda, how I adore you ; how can you treat me with such indifference : the least coldness from you so distracts me, I know not what I do.”

“ Let go my hand, Mr. Byron, you intend to keep me in the night air, 'till I catch my death : if you cannot have me yourself, you are determined, I suppose, no one else shall.”

“ Pardon me, my love, I had quite forgot where we were ; if you had a little more consideration for your poor Byron, how I should admire your charming vivacity.”

“ Well then, since I am so inconsiderate, you had best not trouble yourself any more about me.”—He answered, “ I well knew that was impossible.”

possible." Thus ended this mighty quarrel : I am so sleepy I can scarce keep my eyes open. Good night, my dear Helena.

[*In Continuation.*]

Could you have thought it, Helena, they have settled every thing for the execution of your poor Lucinda—very pretty this : so I am a meer cypher it seems ;—this is all Byron's doings—a tormenting mortal.

My mother sent for me into her room this morning ; on entering, she said, " Come hither, Lucinda, smiling ; sit down by me—my dear, I want to talk to you."—I obeyed, little thinking what she was going to communicate. " Your father and I have been consulting—she hesitated again, smiling."—" About me, madam ?" ----
" Yes

“ Yes love, and have fixed on to-morrow fortnight for your marriage.”
—I started—my face glowing like fire: “ Good God, madam, what is the occasion of this sudden determination ? ” —“ Sudden, do you call it, Lucinda ; I think sufficient time has been allowed you to trifle ; Mr. Byron has waited on your humours long enough :—don’t be perverse, Lucinda, but consent to give your hand with a good grace.”

“ Is Mr. Byron, madam, acquainted with what you have so (I must again say pardon me) suddenly resolved ? ”

“ Your father is gone to his house ; he will bring him with him to tea.”

“ What a hurry are you in, my mama, to part with your poor girl ;—
I did

I did not imagine — “ I am not in a hurry (interrupting me) to part with my Lucinda (folding me in her arms) though I wish to secure your happiness, by uniting you with a worthy man, a man that adores you, Lucinda. Give him, my love, a reception proper for one that so soon is to be your husband.” — I sighed.

“ Why sighs my girl (continued my mother) you have the happiest prospects before you ; Mr. Byron is of an amiable, engaging disposition---he sincerely loves you---has long loved you ; and on a late occasion, your father and I had reason to imagine you beheld him with more than a preference : you have only, my dear, on your part, to curb a little your over lively temper, to be all I wish.”

She embraced me, and tenderly kissing my cheek, left me :--I was

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greatly

greatly affected :—there is something extremely awful in a young creature's leaving the protection of her parents---such indulgent parents too. You, my Helena, will one day experience the justness of this remark: Oh, that I were blessed with your presence---your sweet soothing would calm the apprehensions attendant on my present situation; not that I entertain the least doubt of Byron's tenderness. Those apprehensions, I believe, are inseparable from such a situation.

I am summoned to tea---I hear Byron's voice---how my heart flutters. Foolish heart, why all this pal-pitation?

[*In Continuation.*]

When I opened the parlour door, Byron met me; his eyes sparkling with joy---in the most rapturous terms, he thanked me for my condescension.

“ You

“ You mistake, Byron,” said my father, “ it is to me you ought to pay your acknowledgments ; had it been left to herself, she would not be your’s in a hurry, I promise you.”

“ I am grateful, dear sir, for your kind interference : but I hope, turning to me, my sweet Lucinda consents not with reluctance.”

“ With reluctance !” reiterated my father ; “ did you ever know a young lady that did not ?”

Thus, my dear Helena, in sober sadness your poor friend is condemned to put on the matrimonial fetters :---maugre all opposition.

[*In Continuation.*]

I have just been acquainted with a particular that has almost frozen me

with horror:—can such atrocious actions be committed by reasonable beings, dignified with the appellation of christians? But I proceed to relate what I am sure will affect my Helena's gentle heart. You remember Mr. C——, his daughter went to school with us, a sweet amiable girl. He has long been suspected of holding a private correspondence with general H——, in consequence of some intelligence given by one of his clerks, to the congress; a party of soldiers were dispatched to his house, they forcibly entered it, and seizing him as he sat writing at a table, hurried him into a cart that stood at the door, in which they carried him round the town, insulting him with the grossest indignities. He had attempted to make a resistance when he was seized, and in the struggle, one of their bayonets ran through his hand:—in this manner,

ner, with the blood streaming from it, was the unfortunate Mr. C. treated, —insulted by the rabble, as a traitor to his country, in every way they could devise, and it was with difficulty he was preserved from being torn to pieces by the enraged multitude; meantime, his papers were examined; they contained a confirmation of the charge exhibited against him; his house was leveled with the ground; his wretched family, consisting of six children and his distracted wife, were witnesses of this dreadful proceeding:—just then the cart, with the unfortunate C. came in view; his wife flew to him, with agonizing shrieks; pale and faint with the loss of blood, he could only articulate, “My wife—my children forgive you.”

The imperfect sentence died on his lips, and he sunk insensible to the bottom of the cart.

Mrs. C. screamed with additional terror, "He is dead, he is dead :"—then flying distractedly to her children, "Come my children—come and behold your father—come and glut these barbarous wretches, with the full measure of their revenge; but is he gone, for ever gone. Oh! my Henry stay, in compassion to your wretched family—stay, or afford me but the means, and I will not be left behind. The violence of her emotions overpowered her weak frame, and she fell into successive fits: my father then arrived to quell the tumult;—never was he witness to such a scene. The sweet Agnes was insensible in the arms of one of the soldiers, who had been humane enough to raise her from the earth, on which she had fallen, on the first appearance of her father; proper methods were used for the recovery of those unfortunate victims to popular fury, when they

they shewed signs of life, they were removed into a house, near where they were, all but the husband, who in spite of his situation was taken to prison.

The shock Mrs. C——, wretched woman, received, has entirely deprived her of the use of her intellects; in this calamitous situation, she is constantly raving for her Henry and her children, and though she has the presence of the latter, she does not know them.

Oh! my Helena, I wept myself almost blind, at my father's relation, and determined to visit the unfortunate sufferers.

My father will employ all his interest in Mr. C——'s behalf, though I fear without effect. His crime is considered in the most atrocious light; but surely he has sufficiently suffered for it:—but I go to make this distressing visit.

[In

[*In Continuation.*]

Distressing indeed,—oh ! Helena, what a trial of my sensibility,—what a wretched family, good God !—Humanity shudders at the retrospection. Consider (oh ! you authors of those calamities, by causing this disunion with the mother country) what must be your condemnation at that tribunal, from which there is no appeal? Every day fresh instances arise, pregnant with accumulated horrors of the effects of (as it has proved) your erroneous proceedings.

Take the particulars of my visit :

When I entered the room, in which on a couch rested the unhappy Mrs. C——, my ears were assailed with her incoherent ravings ; I advanced to
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the couch—the amiable Agnes was supporting her mother (who insensible of her kind attentions, continued uttering the most affecting rhapsodies) her eyes deprived of all expression, except a terrifying wildness: she fixed them on me.

“My dear mother,” said the weeping Agnes, “don’t you know Miss Franklin.”

“Yes,—she killed my Henry; see, see, she is covered with his blood:—then shrieking violently, you shall not take him from me,—and is he gone,—my children too;—well, take all, since it must be so.

Oh! you are my daughter—come my Agnes, this is your bridal-day—let me prepare you; but no, I mistake, it is I am to be the bride;—my Harry waits:—you are too impatient.

How

How I was affected; the sweet Agnes was almost suffocated with her sobs.

Her poor mother continued raving, till quite exhausted, she fainted; when she recovered she remained quiet, and at length fell a-sleep, in which she continued all the time I staid. Merciful Heaven! restore her. The violent agonies she has experienced, were they to continue, would be impossible for nature long to support.

I then endeavoured to comfort the dear girl, entreating her to hope the best, assuring her my father would leave no means untried, to effect Mr. C——'s enlargement.

She shook her head, "Ah! Miss Franklin, I see, I see your kind intentions; but don't flatter me—I know I am doomed to wretchedness."

"Do

“Do not say so, my dear Agnes, —indeed, I do not mean to flatter you with false hopes.”

Hopes, alas! none remain for me--- my father wounded in person, and oh! horror to think, his life, perhaps, forfeited—the tenderest of mother’s deprived of her senses, and yet, to talk of hope,—wretched, wretched Agnes, to live to witness such heart-rending scenes.

Her sighs! her sobs! prevented her continuing; she wept---she wrung her hands with passionate grief,—all my efforts to console her were ineffectual: ---alas! what could I urge of sufficient weight to succeed.

I was, after remaining almost three hours, obliged to leave her in this way.
On

On my return, I appeared so pale, so ill, my mother was quite uneasy about me; indeed, my countenance plainly discovered how deeply I had been shocked; Byron coming to dinner, was also alarmed for my health; he was tenderly assiduous; my mind softened with what I had so recently witnessed,---seized with avidity the consolation offered; the good creature was delighted with the complacency with which I listened to him; so much so, that I reproached myself for ever paining his worthy heart, with (as I then thought them) my ridiculous whims.

We sent in the evening to enquire how Mrs. C—— remained. “As ill as possible,” was the answer returned from the poor Agnes.

Her

Her sufferings will soon terminate--- exhausted nature must soon give way. ---I have wrote thus far since I retired : I will now court sleep, perhaps it will befriend me, and for a few hours render me insensible to the distress of this unfortunate family ; which, tho' I participate in, I cannot relieve.— Good night to my sweet Helena.

[*In Continuation.*]

As I predicted, poor Mrs. C. is no more ; all her sorrows are hushed in peace ; she is now beyond their reach : the silent grave will soon contain her mortal part---her spirit, I trust, is incorporated with the blessed. She died last night without the least interval of returning sense ;---the blow was fatal ---irrecoverable. The distracted Agnes, and her brothers, are with us : my father had them removed hither ; with difficulty could the unfortunate daugh-

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ter be torn from the body of her departed parent;---for a time, her intellects were as much deranged as was her mother's---she is now calm, tho' in a most wretched way.

Poor Mr. C. is in a high fever--so I suppose, he will follow his unhappy wife:—but, why do I call her unhappy, at escaping from a world, fraught (to her) with woe. My father is gone to represent the matter to congress; they will, I hope, relent: though what avails their determination now;—the poor man, it is likely, will not live to be benefited, or hurt by it.

Agnes, in her fit of frenzy, often called on the name of Sidney. I remember an officer of that name in the regiment; they were commanded from this to Boston: I knew he was very intimate

intimate at Mr. C's.—Sweet girl, how unequal is her delicate spirits to the task imposed on her by Providence! happy is it the other children are young---the eldest only ten years old---they are boys---so much the better; they can the more easily make their way through the troubles of life.

[*In Continuation.*]

Mr. C's fever is attended with such dangerous symptoms, the physicians have little hopes any thing they can order will be attended with the least success:--Agnes has insisted on being carried to him;--in vain do we represent to her, how unfit she is at present to encounter such an interview: she persists in her request with such afflicting earnestness, that my mother fears the refusal will occasion a relapse; so the carriage is preparing to take her to the prison: I petitioned

to attend her---my mother will not hear of it---she goes with her herself. Byron entreats admittance---he will not take a denial---the encroacher. "He is come," he says, "to amuse me." I tell him, "that is no easy task at present." "Well, I'll try, my Lucinda : I cannot bear the anxious solicitude (not to say melancholy) that clouds your sweet face : have a little consideration for one, that only lives upon your smiles."---"You must contrive to live without them then, for I don't imagine I shall ever smile again."---"Heaven forbid ! I had rather suffer by your vivacity, than your countenance should be deprived of so distinguished an ornament."----"Be quiet, Byron, I am sick of compliments now---of every thing indeed. What is there in the world worth living for ? believe me, I am heartily tired of it."

He

He looked at me with an incredulous smile; as much as to say, "You will soon get over this temporary disgust." He did not venture to say as much though.

My mother and the fair Agnes, are returned; the latter almost senseless with grief---successive faintings have followed, that has reduced her nearly to the grave. My mother could not be particular in relating her interview with her father: suffice it to say, it was so affecting, it was not possible to be minute in the recital. They take the pen from me---I am really very much indisposed.

[*In Continuation.*]

I am happy to inform my dear Helena, that my father has succeeded in his application to congress, in behalf of Mr. C. He is pardoned on

condition that he removes to B. fifty miles from hence, where a house will be prepared for the reception of his family; indeed it is a sort of banishment; though I trust every thing will be done to render his retreat as comfortable as possible.

The representation my father made of the distressed family, excited their commiseration, and they at length remembered they were men.

Mr. C. is better; the sweet Agnes too, is more resigned---outwardly at least; though her red and swelled eyes, whenever she has been alone, shew, that in private she makes herself full amends for the restraint she imposes on her feelings.

I was sitting with her last night in her chamber, endeavouring to administer

nister all the consolation in my power. She listened in mournful silence; tears fast coursing down her pale, though lovely face.—I took her handkerchief, and with it drying her cheeks, besought her to be comforted.

“Consider, my dear Agnes, if you afflict yourself in this manner, you will be unable to support—to assuage the sorrows of your father:—remember this, my amiable girl; and to so dutiful a heart as yours, it will be a sufficient motive to strive however to bear your afflictions (heavy, as indeed they are) with fortitude.”

“Ah! Miss Franklin, you reason justly; but I alas! am the weakest of human creatures: and then this misery was so sudden—so unexpected;—but why do I talk, I am doomed to wretchedness. Oh! my amiable Lucinda,
your

you know not how many causes I have for grief:—time, the common assuager, can do nothing for me: when I look forward, it terrifies—distracts me. Oh! my God (rising and walking about the room) enable me to support those excruciating pangs; or take, O take me to thyself!”

How I wept—again I entreated her to compose herself: “My dear Agnes; why do you say your cause of grief is irremediable? and is it consistent with the friendship between us, to hide from me what occasions that expression? How can I offer consolation, while ignorant of the extent of your misfortunes?”

She looked earnestly at me; then after a pause, “You are very good; your humanity, my dear Lucinda—how much has it been exerted in our
favour:”

favour: but I cannot, oh! I cannot unfold—what?—Oh! no, no.”

“Permit me to guess then, my sweet girl.” “Guess! impossible; oh! impossible, indeed.”

“And why impossible, Agnes?—Suppose a gentleman in the case—a favoured lover (she started; a faint blush overspread her face.) I continued—Mr. Sidney is amiable.”

“Mr. Sidney! oh, Miss Franklin. But what of him? (then, hiding her sweet face in my bosom) Oh! tell me all you would say.”

“Need I say more, my dear girl?—in your delirium you repeatedly mentioned his name; calling on him in the tenderest terms.”

“Did

“ Did I indeed ? Alas !—poor youth—unhappy Agnes ! but pardon me, Miss Franklin, this concealment : I know not how to reveal my prepossession in favour of one, who, though worthy, there remains not a shadow of hope of our ever being united : then after a pause, Shall I stand excused, when I confess I suffered my affections to be engaged, even before I was assured of a return ; but when the amiable youth declared his love, I gave myself up to intoxicating hopes ;—gay flattering visions—how soon to give place to despair, and all its train of evils. I need not describe Mr. Sidney---you are acquainted with his person :—to a fine, manly, animated figure, is joined the noblest of human minds, and a sweetness of disposition impossible to be expressed : can it be wondered, then, that I surrendered my heart to one so
formed

formed to please? She wept, then resuming, When the fatal mandate for the regiment to leave this arrived, with distraction in his looks, he flew to me, besought me to consent to be his—to go with him: but this was a step, infatuated as I was, I could not, would not hear of. He knelt, he wept; but I was resolute; nothing could tempt me to accede to a measure, in which duty, delicacy—every thing dear to a female, was to be sacrificed. He then entreated me to bind myself to him by the most solemn vows. In short, my dearest friend, I was not proof to his tender solicitations; and I repeated, after him, all he wished me to utter. He then tore himself from me;—my heart foreboded the separation was for ever: faithful monitor! for never again shall I behold him.—Her tears and sobs almost suffocated her.”

I pressed

I pressed the dear girl in my arms ; I said every thing possible to inspire her with hopes of happier days, and left her something easier, from thus revealing an occurrence which so much distressed her.

Poor Agnes, how I pity her : you, Helena, will, I am sure, drop a tear to her misfortunes : may they at last terminate in her union with the object of her affections ; though there are little hopes of such an event. She has never heard from him since his departure. : surely, he might have found some opportunity of writing : perhaps he is changed ; if so, would the dear girl were acquainted with it ; as I hope she would be possessed of sufficient fortitude to banish him from her heart.

[*In Con-*



[*In Continuation.*]

Mr. C— is entirely out of danger; Agnes is busied in her attendance on him---an employment that I think, has been of service to her: every thing is preparing for their removal; my heart sinks at the thoughts of parting with the sweet girl. The Almighty disposer of events, thus chequers our lives, to remind us, we are but passengers, not residents in this world.

I must conclude this long letter. Continue, my dearest Helena, to acquaint me with every particular respecting yourself, and your valuable mother; no change of situation can effect any alteration in your Lucinda's sentiments, who always must remain

Your's unalterably,

LUCINDA FRANKLIN.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.